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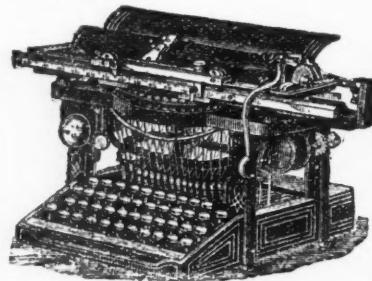
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 24, 1889.

The Week.

THE action of the Senate doubling the duty on tin-plate is, on the whole, the greatest outrage of recent years in tariff legislation. It is an act to increase the price of every article that comes from the hands of the tinsmith. Almost every town has its worker in tin, who produces articles of household need—pans, pails, cups, baking utensils, cake-cutters, toys, etc. An immense quantity goes into the manufacture of cans for vegetables, fruits, fish, oysters, and condensed milk. Another large industry dependent upon tin-plate is that of roofing. To say that this industry is far greater than that of tin-plate manufacturing would be a very feeble statement, since there is not a tin-plate factory in the country. There is one establishment in western Pennsylvania whose owners would like to make tin-plate if they could have the privilege of taxing the tinsmiths, the canneries, the roofers, and their customers to a sufficient extent, they being the judges of what is sufficient. So gross an outrage will not go unpunished. The workers in tin and the consumers of tin are alive to their own interests, and will make themselves heard and felt. We should have not the least hesitation in making tin-plate the basis and groundwork of the next national election for members of Congress. We welcome the issue heartily, and we challenge Messrs. Allison, Aldrich, and the rest to enact their tin-plate duty if they can, either in this Congress or the next, and go before the country on it.

The imposition or the raising of a duty on an article for the purpose, not of encouraging an existing native manufacture but of calling a native manufacture into existence, is an absolutely new departure in American protection. Mr. Allison explained, on behalf of the Committee, why this addition to the price of the workingman's domestic utensils was made. The doubling of the duty, if the imports remained the same, would increase the revenue by about \$6,000,000 annually, and this is to be done on the mere "assurance" of certain persons that they will before long begin the manufacture of tin-plate in this country on a scale sufficient to meet the domestic demand. We do not believe that the Government has ever before entered into a transaction of this sort without exacting security. Everybody else with whom it has dealings—contractors, importers, accounting officers, cashiers, treasurers, any one whom it trusts in the smallest degree—has to give approved bonds for the performance of his engagements. But here an enormous tax is imposed on the poor, in return for the vague "assurance" of certain capitalists whose names are not given, who would

be at liberty to change their minds at any time, and not go into the tin-plate manufacture at all, particularly as there appears to be no steadiness in the price of the foreign article. It has been falling for years, and may fall still further so as to make the proposed protection inadequate. We imported in 1887 five times as much of it as in 1871, and the value was only twice as much, showing a decrease of more than half in the cost. The manufacturers who have persuaded the Senate to pass this bill ought to have given security in at least double the estimated amount of the tax, for the creation of the manufacture by a day named, and its regular continuance for an adequate period thereafter.

Few people have any conception of the hidden iniquities of the bill just passed by the Senate. For example, the classification of certain articles of steel, hitherto dutiable at 45 per cent, and 30 per cent, respectively, has been changed. Such changes are always open to suspicion, because it is here that the tariff cracksmen work in the dark. Following an example set by Senator Allison, who, some years ago, made a remarkable exhibit of a similar fraud sought to be perpetrated on the consumers of iron and steel by a change of classification in a tariff bill, we have obtained from an expert in the trade a translation or interpretation of sections 141-147 of the present bill. These sections embrace steel hoops, cotton ties, steel plates and sheets, and a few other articles of common use. For example, duties on steel hoops of various sizes are advanced 28, 30, 37, and 42 per cent, respectively over the present rates. On cotton ties the advance is 55 per cent., on tacker's iron (tin plates) 41 per cent., on steel sheets of various sizes 19, 21, and 26 per cent, respectively. It should be borne in mind that the natural protection due to freight, commissions, insurance, etc., is from 10 to 15 per cent. in addition to the tariff protection. This is a small, very small, part of the iniquity embraced in the bill. In the pocket-cutlery section, duties are raised in some cases as high as 330 percent., and in the section relating to breech-loading guns, the range is from 35 to 363 per cent., the highest duties being on the lowest priced articles used by the poorer classes. We do not know that any comment on these facts is called for, except that it is for the public interest, in the large view, that the protected classes, whose mastery over the Republican party is now so complete, should show their hand. Every step they take in the direction of higher duties forces on the battle that must and will be fought out.

The Senate has proceeded from bad to worse in its treatment of the duties on wool, and its latest action would seem to imply an intention to destroy the carpet industry entirely in order to placate the wool-growers.

We cannot say that we have any serious objections to this course. The carpet manufacturers have all along agreed with the wool-growers that a system of mutual robbery was good for trade. They have joined in all the schemes up to the present time for restricting foreign commerce. They have proclaimed that the rate of wages depended on the tariff, and have supported all the other protectionist humbugs of the day. Consequently, they are entitled to no sympathy when the hot end of the poker is extended to them. So far as they are concerned, we should not be troubled if the importation of carpet wools were made an offence punishable by death. We are tending that way pretty fast. If the maxims now in vogue in the Senate are correct, why should not all importations be made criminal offences? Carpet wools are not produced in this country. If wages are made higher by restricting importations, why not prohibit them altogether and thus raise everybody's wages to infinity? The wool schedule, as first reported by the Senate Committee, increased the duties on clothing and combing wool one cent per pound. As the former duty was ten cents per pound, the increase was equal to 10 per cent. upon the existing rate. The duty on carpet wool was left unchanged. The amendment brought forward by the Committee on Monday evening and adopted adds another cent to the duty on combing wool, and raises the duty on carpet wool from two and one-half cents to four cents per pound, so that the increase in the former is equal to 20 per cent., and in the latter 60 per cent. upon the present rate.

Senator Sherman, in the course of his remarks supporting the sugar bounty, said that there was good reason to expect a large increase in the production of sugar from beets and sorghum if the proposed bounty of one cent per pound were allowed. He so inferred from the results obtained by the bounty system in Germany and France. At the same time he observed that the duty on imported sugar had been reduced one half, in the interest of the consumer. He looked to the double stimulus of a protective duty on the one hand and a direct bounty on the other as likely to yield the happiest results in the rapid increase of domestic sugar production. There was, as is usual in the speeches of the Ohio Senator when his reasoning will not bear close analysis, a good deal left to the imagination of the hearer and the reader. The present duty on raw sugar is 2 cents per pound, or a trifle more. The average rate of duty the past year was 2.68 cents. Since the domestic production of sugar is a mere trifle in the whole mass consumed, it follows that the present bounty on sugar grown in Louisiana, Texas, California, Kansas, Vermont, or elsewhere is exactly the amount of the duty, viz., 2.08 cents. The Government collects this sum on what is imported, and the planter collects it on what

he produces. Now, the Senate bill reduces the duty on the imported article one-half—that is, 1.04 cent. per pound—and offers a direct bounty of one cent to the domestic producer, and we are told that this transaction is to be a great stimulus to the production of sugar. The sugar-market is to be lowered one cent per pound in the interest of the consumer, and then one cent per pound is to be paid out of the public treasury to the American producer; and this is called a stimulus.

It appears to us that, instead of being stimulated, the domestic producer is depressed by exactly the amount of the trouble, delay, and expense involved in collecting the bounty. At present he collects the whole of the two cents per pound by the mere sale of his crop; but, under the bounty plan, he must prove his claim, and wait for his money till the Government is ready to pay. The services of a broker will be necessary, as they are in the collection of drawbacks, and such services have to be paid for. In the case of a small crop—and all individual crops of beet and sorghum will be small—the cost of collecting the bounty will be a pretty large share of the bounty itself. In any case, the two items of duty and bounty will be less than the present duty when it reaches the pocket of the producer. All the money paid in the way of bounty, except an inconsiderable fraction, will go to the Louisiana planters. Instead of being stimulated, even they will be worse off than they are now. The example of Germany is not at all to the point, because the bounty in Germany is a bounty on exportation, and not on the product consumed at home. The country produces more than it consumes. The bounty is paid on the surplus, and it is to this extent a real bounty, and not a fictitious or imaginary one.

Near the close of the Presidential campaign the Boston *Post* published the following statement, which was extensively copied in the press, but which most people have probably forgotten :

"It has been whispered around Wall Street for several days that Tom Platt, through various agents, and particularly Mr. John Wanamaker of Philadelphia, has made many pressing appeals to four land-grant railroads for a large sum of money, to be used by the Republican managers in this city for election purposes. The railroads mentioned are the Union Pacific, Central Pacific, Northern Pacific, and Atlantic and Pacific, and the sum mentioned is \$350,000. There is good authority for saying that this request was presented to President Adams of the Union Pacific for that company's share, and by him indignantly refused."

There is no suggestion here of an offer of the Interior Department to the railroads in question in return for the money asked for; nor is there any suggestion of impropriety in the premises, except such as may be inferred from the fact that \$350,000 is a very large sum of money to be used honestly in the last week of a campaign, and that corporations having close relations to the Government do not usually pay their money without the expectation of a *quid pro quo*.

It has never been charged that the railroads paid this or any other sum to Platt, or to Wanamaker, or to anybody. The matter had passed out of recollection until recalled by the Platt-Bateman correspondence, in which the scandalous item relating to the Interior Department is for the first time seen in print.

The sensitiveness of Mr. Platt on the subject strikes us as remarkable, since he usually presents a very tough exterior to a censorious world. Anybody who reflects much upon the correspondence between Platt and Bateman must wonder what Platt would have done if Bateman had admitted that he did say the things imputed to him by the Cincinnati *Enquirer*'s interviewer, namely, that Platt offered the position of Secretary of the Interior to the railroads for a sum of money for the Republican campaign fund. Bateman neither denies nor affirms that he said this. He merely says that some parts of the interview are correct, and some parts incorrect, and that he does not attach any credence to the story about the Interior Department. But what if he did attach credence to it? Would Mr. Platt sue him for slander, and appeal to a jury of his countrymen? Or would he apply to Mr. John Wanamaker for an authoritative denial? The latter course would be the most expeditious and convincing, because Mr. Wanamaker must know all about it. Moreover, Mr. Wanamaker is an admirer of Platt on broad moral grounds. He so declared himself in Philadelphia a few days ago. It is much to be regretted that Mr. Bateman did not say squarely that he did repeat the Wall Street gossip imputed to him by the *Enquirer*. The question whether he believed it or not is immaterial. In fact, Platt did not ask him whether he believed it, but only whether he said it; and this question Mr. Bateman has not yet answered.

The *Tribune* lays it down that Judge Woods's instruction to the Grand Jury in the Dudley case "turns merely upon a construction of the statute, and has no more to do with the moral character of the Dudley letter than with the tenets of the Koran." It has this to do with "the moral character of the Dudley letter," that it withdrew the moral character of the letter from the consideration of a jury—an effect which it did not have and could not have on "the tenets of the Koran." The instruction is very unfortunate, not simply because it enables Dudley to escape trial, but because it is one of the little things occurring every now and then to shake popular confidence in the judiciary. Judge Woods decided first that Dudley, if he wrote the letter, had committed a legal offence. He then decided a few weeks later, on the same state of facts, that Dudley had not committed a legal offence. The effect of this last decision was, not to find Dudley guilty, or to inflict a penalty on him, but to prevent his being tried at all. Both opinions

may have been and doubtless were perfectly honest; but popular mistrust is naturally aroused by the fact that Dudley's conviction would have great political importance, and might lead to disclosures of a very scandalous character, and that therefore a very large body of influential and rich men have an interest of the strongest kind in preventing his indictment and trial. It is, of course, unfortunate that the mass of mankind should be suspicious; but so they are, and are likely to remain—a circumstance which doubtless first furnished the material for that time honored warning against "the appearance of evil."

The lower branch of the Kansas Legislature has adopted a resolution that will make the Cobden Club and the London *Times* quake in their English boots. On the motion of Mr. Poe, it was resolved, and carried unanimously, that "the Committee on State Affairs be directed to ascertain and report whether it is a fact that the British doctrine of free trade is being taught at the State University at Lawrence; if so, by whom; and that it be reported, by bill or otherwise, what, if any, legislation is necessary to abolish the English titles of Lord Chancellor, Dean, and Regents, and substitute in lieu thereof the American titles of Professor and Trustees for the officers of said institution, and for all other State institutions of the State of Kansas to which British titles are given by the laws of the State." There is, we think, some mistake about the title "Lord Chancellor." We feel pretty sure the head of the university is called simply "Chancellor," but this is bad enough, heaven knows. For the titles "Dean" and "Regent" we have not a word to say; they ought to go, but so ought the term "University," which is also of English origin, and is now in constant use in England as the name for a seat of learning. "Whatyoumaycallit" would be better. Against the proposal to continue the use of the terms "Professor" and "Trustee," as also British, we hereby record our respectful protest. There is only one way to avoid the corrupting influence of English terms in collegiate nomenclature, and that is to invent wholly new ones. For instance, "Thingembob" would not be a bad name for the head of the university, while "Pals" would be an admirable democratic appellation for the subordinate teachers, and the governing body might be called "Mandarins" or "Daimios," thus wholly avoiding the European taint. As to the teaching of "British free trade," we would not touch it by law, through fear of driving it underground. All civilized States have had trouble with "pernicious doctrines," and have found that persecution was the way to spread them. If free trade teaching is prohibited in a State "Whatyoumaycallit," it would probably be carried on in the nighttime in cellars or caves, or in the recesses of the forests and mountains. Mr. Poe must remember the trouble which Bloody Mary and Louis XIV. had with the Protestants.

Archbishop Corrigan's circular, making attendance at "anti-poverty" meetings "a reserved case," has given for the moment new life to the anti-poverty agitation. Dr. McGlynn's speech was listened to on Sunday night by an immense audience, and his defiance of the Archbishop was tremendously applauded. The circular is said to have been respectfully read as ordered in all the churches, except that of Father Ducey, who is a fashionable divine of the Mgr. Capel order, and appears to be attached to the Church only by slender ligaments. He read the circular with sarcastic comments. Of course there is not any doubt as to the final result. Nothing could enable McGlynn to stand up against the Church but marked progress in the abolition of poverty. This, we admit, would, in all human probability, make him too much for the Archbishop, the Pope, and the Cardinals. The man who abolishes poverty will exert such power over the souls of men as the world has never seen in human hands, and will probably be the object of some form of worship. What makes McGlynn weak in his present struggle, therefore, is not so much the might of the Church, great as that is, as his failure to make any impression on poverty. If the attendants at the anti-poverty meetings were visibly improving in their circumstances, we verily believe the movement would take proportions which would compel the Church to surrender to him. As matters stand, the Doctor has to face every day a full exposure of his incapacity, in the empty pockets of his followers.

The news from Samoa via San Francisco represents a degree of enmity against the American flag on the part of the German sailors and their native allies that we did not suppose existed in any part of the world. According to these accounts, the Germans take the greatest delight in tearing down American flags, and making bonfires of them, while their Samoan friends, known as "Tamasese's men," actually break open houses in order to find American flags for the purpose of cutting them in pieces. An outrage of this kind, as we were informed, was sternly rebuked by the commander of the American man-of-war *Adams*, who shortly afterwards sailed to Honolulu—perhaps to make his report and call for reinforcements. It would be well, we think, while digesting these exciting incidents, to reflect that the German Government has passed the stage of barbarism, and is presumably no more inclined to insult the United States gratuitously than we should be to insult her in like circumstances.

The anxiety in France about the election which is to take place in Paris on the 27th, seems to increase as the day draws near. The last news is that the Conservatives, after much discussion and hesitation, have resolved to support Boulanger. The opinion seems to gain ground that he will win. It is generally conceded that if he does, his action will be followed by his nomination

for other vacancies, and that, in short, there will be a crisis which will hasten a dissolution of the Chambers and a general election, under conditions much more exciting than that of 1878, which resulted in the final overthrow of the Monarchists. Should the Boulangerists carry a majority of the seats, as they may well do, although Republican forms might survive, the Republic would be virtually at an end. Boulanger would stand in much the same relation to the Chambers as Julius Caesar or Cesar Augustus to the Roman Senate. No matter what bills were introduced, his will would really be the law. He still maintains stoutly that all he asks for is a revision of the Constitution, which is said to mean that he wishes to substitute the American for the English system in the relations of the Executive to the Legislature—that is, to make the Ministers' tenure of office independent of the votes of the Chamber.

Curiously enough, the same demand begins to make itself heard in Australia, where, as in England, the Ministers are responsible to the Legislature, with incessant resulting changes. An article in the last *Nineteenth Century* on "Australian and English Politics," by Mr. Beckett, an English member of Parliament, quotes the Attorney General of Victoria, "a very able and clear-sighted man," as saying:

"Our Parliament is threatened with that paralysis that is creeping over all English legislatures from the House of Commons downwards. Useless motions for adjournment, aimless and endless discussions, and senseless stonewalling [obstruction] too often block practical business. If the disease is not eradicated, it would seem to indicate that they are growing towards the American system, under which the Executive is taken out of the Legislature altogether, and the Legislature confined to the business of making laws only, and not making and unmaking governments."

The writer says that although "the American system is not altogether lovely and pleasant," nevertheless it must be introduced if the union of administrative and legislative functions in the same person be found impracticable. "The business of the Legislature," he says, "is to legislate, to pass laws, not to worry Ministers; to frame statutes, not to overthrow Cabinets." The French political malady could hardly be better described.

The fact that so few of the poor in French cities are legally married, and that consequently so large a proportion of the children of the poor are illegitimate, is agitating reformers in France, much as the refusal or failure of the poor to go to church is agitating them here. In considering what had better be done to make marriage easy, of course the numerous and somewhat expensive legal formalities have come under review. One of these is the obligation under which French couples labor to obtain the consent of their parents, and, if it be refused, to dispense with it by serving on them three "sommations respectueuses," or respectful summonses, proof of which must be supplied to the officer performing the legal ceremony.

The amendment herein proposed will excite a smile in most Anglo-Saxon communities—that the required number of "sommations" should be reduced by two in the case of girls over twenty-one and of men over twenty-five. We presume this is based on the assumption that many couples would prefer lawful wedlock if they had not the bother of so many times summoning their parents to consent. The trouble, however, as everybody knows, lies much deeper. That marriage is the luxury of the well-to-do, rather than a condition of purity or respectability, has become a fixed tradition among the French poor. They will take no trouble and go to no expense about it if they cannot do it in good bourgeois fashion. Illegitimate unions are to them conditions, not of sin, but of poverty; very much as failure to take a wedding-trip would be here. It would take something far more serious than a reform in the marriage laws to bring them to look on marriage as a necessity.

The result of the election in the Govan division of Lanarkshire, in which the Gladstonians have won the seat from the Conservatives by a large majority, shows that the predictions which Mr. Goschen, Lord Hartington, and Lord Salisbury have all made in their recent visit to Scotland, that she was gradually falling away from Home Rule, were due rather to hope than to knowledge. All that is really known about the Scotch constituencies indicates that the hold of the Liberals there is growing stronger rather than weaker. As to the cause of this, of course opinions differ, but that Mr. Balfour's course in Ireland, however much it may satisfy those who approved of it in the beginning, is making any converts to Liberal Unionism, there appears to be no sign. On the contrary, it is, apparently owing in part to the smearing tone both of Mr. Balfour and his chief, inflaming the temper of the Radicals and stimulating their propaganda.

The publication of the indictment found against Dr. Geffeken shows clearly enough that the attack on Sir Robert Morier was inspired by Bismarck himself, because it charges that Morier was in the confidence of Ruggenbach and Geffeken as a friend of the Emperor Frederick when they were preparing the diary for publication. The indictment does not resemble our common law indictments in containing only legal charges. In countries under the civil law, the evidence is put in as well as the charge, and the indictment becomes in reality a long narrative, somewhat resembling our campaign handbooks, in which the other side is "arraigned" for all sorts of things, of varying degrees of probability. Geffeken's indictment is probably more prolix than usual, as it has been used as a means of enabling Bismarck "to get even" with the whole of the Emperor Frederick's set. Morier has been hit harder than any one, but not harder than such a brutal old journalist as the Prince seems to be, would think legitimate.

SWORN PUBLICATION OF CAMPAIGN EXPENSES.

THE advocates of reform in our election methods reached a practically unanimous conclusion early in their discussions, that the wisest course to pursue was to proceed step by step rather than to endeavor to accomplish all that was desirable at one and the same time. They concluded that the first step was to secure a secret and uninfluenced ballot, and that the only way by which this could be obtained would be by taking the printing and distributing of the ballots out of the hands of the political organizations, and putting it exclusively in the hands of the State. This would take away the main excuse for the use of large sums of money in elections; for if the State pays all the election expenses, there will be no excuse for heavy assessments upon candidates. It was thought that, when this ballot-reform legislation had been secured, it would be natural and comparatively easy to secure, as the next step in the reform, a comprehensive law limiting the expenditures of candidates and requiring a sworn statement of all such expenditures after election.

The wisdom of confining the discussion to ballot-reform legislation has been vindicated by the results. It may be said with strict accuracy that public sentiment has already been sufficiently educated to the necessity of this part of the reform to secure its adoption by every State in the Union within a few years. Perhaps Gov. Hill realized this when he hastened to put himself on record in favor of the next step in the reform, by advocating in his message the enactment of some law requiring the publication of campaign expenses by candidates after election. At all events, his recommendation was a commendable one, and in preparing a bill on the lines of it Mr. Crosby has performed a useful public service. He has not, it must be admitted, drawn a measure which is adequate to the demands of the subject, but he has made a starting-point from which progress in the right direction is certain to be made.

Mr. Crosby's bill simply provides that every candidate for public office shall, within ten days after his election, file with the Secretary of State an itemized statement of all moneys contributed or spent by him and all debts incurred in aid of his election; and whenever such expenditures or debts are made or incurred through an agent, a similar statement of the agent's transactions shall be filed. In case of failure to file such statement or statements, the candidate is liable to a fine not exceeding \$1,000, and is forbidden to enter upon the duties of his office or to receive any salary or emolument. Several serious defects are at once apparent in this measure. One is, that there is no limit placed to the expenditures by candidates. Another is, that there is no penalty prescribed for filing false statements. Still another, and the most serious of all, is, that the provision depriving a candidate of his office, in case of failure to comply with the law, is in all probability unconstitutional.

The broad, general trouble with the bill is

that it attempts to deal with a very momentous and complicated question in too brief a manner. We cannot break up a system which is at once so widespread and so insidious in its ramifications as the use of money in elections, by enacting a law of only three short sections. The English Corrupt Practices Act, which abolished the use of money in elections in England, contains seventy sections and five schedules of many sections each, and no part of it has been found to be superfluous. As one of its most intelligent expounders says of it: "It is pervaded by two principles. The first is, to strike hard and home at corrupt practices; the second is, to prohibit by positive legislation any expenditure in the conduct of an election which is not absolutely necessary." These two principles are applied with the greatest minuteness. Not merely is bribery forbidden, but every conceivable form of bribery or undue influence is defined and the penalty fixed. The maximum amount of expenditure which each candidate can make is named proportionate to the size of his constituency. This sum must cover all expenses—printing, postage, room-rent, clerk-hire, everything. All disbursements must be made by one person, either the candidate himself or his agent. If he employs an agent, he cannot disburse a farthing himself, but must leave it all to the agent. An account with vouchers must be kept of all expenditures, and returned under oath to the proper officers after election. Any person found guilty of an "illegal practice" is liable to a fine of £100 and five years' incapacity for voting, while a candidate guilty by himself or his agent loses his seat, and is disqualified for sitting for the same constituency, in the former case for seven years, in the latter during the existing Parliament. Minor offences of illegal payment, etc., are liable to a fine of £100. Any candidate whose expenditures exceed the maximum limit loses his seat.

It will be seen at a glance what a difference there is between the specific provisions of the English Act and the general prohibitory provisions of Mr. Crosby's measure. No general prohibitory law against bribery, or any other method of using money to influence elections unduly, has ever been worth the paper it was written on. We have had them on our statute-books in every State for years, and they are all dead letters. The English Act, on the contrary, has accomplished its object. It destroyed bribery at a single blow, and it so reduced the use of money in elections that the total expenditures dropped from \$15,000,000 to less than \$4,000,000 in the first election held under the law; and in the latest election under it the expenditures were only about one-half of the maximum allowed by law.

Of course, the worst evil we have to meet here is that of the "assessments" upon candidates. These are made, not upon him after his nomination, but before it and as the price of it. Under Mr. Crosby's bill a candidate who had been "assessed," and had paid \$20,000 for his nomination, could file a sworn statement which could truthfully

omit all mention of this \$20,000, for it would represent no expense incurred in his election. Probably the only way to reach this assessment evil would be a provision in the law requiring every successful candidate to take an oath before entering upon office, that he had paid no assessment and incurred no debt of any kind in any way either to secure a nomination or an election. Such a requirement, with a sworn statement of expenditures, with heavy penalties for failure to make it or for false swearing in making it, would go far to break up the practice. But this, like all other provisions of such a law, requires the most careful thought and deliberation. Nothing would please the political corruptionists more than to have an inadequate law, which would be of no effect in practice, passed at this time; for it would tend to delay the passage of an adequate law, and, by its failure, to bring ridicule upon the advocates of the reform as mere "theorists" whose ideas never amount to anything in practice.

A "RIGOROUS" OHIO POLICY WANTED.

THE question of Gen. Harrison's "policy towards the South" has been much discussed by the Republican press, and there has been no little speculation as to whether it would be "rigorous" or "conciliatory," and as to what he would "insist" should be done in that part of the country. Recent events force to the front another question—What will be the new President's policy towards Ohio?

The last Ohio Legislature, more than twenty years after the close of the war, abolished the "black laws," discriminating against the negroes, which had until that time remained upon the statute-book, and thus opened the public schools of the State to white and black children alike. During this period of more than twenty years, it must be remembered, the Republican politicians of Ohio had been trying to force upon the Southern States through Congress legislation which would do away with all race discrimination, in schools and elsewhere, in that portion of the Union.

No sooner did the Ohio people discover that the action of the Legislature, which had been much praised as "abolishing a relic of barbarism," really meant that negro parents could, if they chose, send their children to schools previously attended solely by whites, than trouble broke out in a number of places. The most serious difficulty has been in a town of Clermont County, which belies its name of Felicity. The population of Felicity consists of nine whites to one negro, and until the law of 1887 was passed, the negro children attended separate schools, which were maintained almost exclusively by the whites, the school-tax paid by the negroes being only \$16 to \$3,600 by the whites. When the school term opened in the fall of 1887, several negro children presented themselves at a white school, and insisted upon admission. They were refused entrance, and when a negro father accompanied his children, in order to enforce their

rights, he was roughly handled by some white men. The negroes finally concluded that it was of no use to continue the struggle, and a peace was patched up by an agreement of the whites to provide two graded schools for colored children, taught by excellent colored teachers.

But the old trouble was renewed when the last school year opened in September, 1888. The graded-school system for the blacks had proved a failure, only sixteen pupils attending the two schools, and the whites decided to support only one school for the blacks. Thereupon the blacks resolved to make another effort to get their children into the white school. Three successive days the colored children applied for admission, and three successive days the white men and women (for the feeling was even stronger among the women than among the men) stood in the door and told them that they could not enter. The School Board (consisting of three Republicans and three Democrats) remained passive, informing the negroes when appealed to that they did not propose to take any hand in the matter. In the words of one of them: "Some of our best citizens said to us, 'We want you directors to keep your hands off, and we will attend to this matter ourselves. We propose that the negroes shall not go into our white school. We have made every provision for them. It would break up our school, for the majority of the white people would withdraw their children.'"

Again the negroes found that they must give up the attempt to secure their rights by their own exertions. This time they resolved to appeal to the courts. Indictments were sought and obtained against certain white persons who had obstructed negro parents when they tried to enter their children in the white school. The cases recently came to trial. Two juries refused to convict the offenders, and it being evident that public sentiment would secure the same result in any case, the trial of all the other cases was postponed.

All through this struggle, which has now lasted nearly a year and a half, the Governor of Ohio has been inactive. Not one word has he said in denunciation of the outrages or in rebuke of the law-breakers. His recent message to the Legislature was entirely silent on the most vital issue now pending in the State of Ohio.

Here, evidently, is a clear case for the incoming President. In a State of the American Union negroes are denied those rights guaranteed by the Federal Constitution. Local sentiment sustains the injustice; the courts refuse to punish the offenders; the Governor of the State, overawed by the political influence of the law-breakers, is supine. The poor negro of Felicity is helpless in the face of a hostile State.

Obviously there must be a "policy towards Ohio," and as obviously it must be a "rigorous" one. The sun should not go down on the 4th of March before Benjamin Harrison, President of the United States, has notified the white people of Felicity, Ohio, that he will "insist" that they open their schools to the negro children, that a force of

United States troops will be stationed at the door of the school-house to enforce the rights of the negroes, and that the pusillanimous Governor of the State will be lodged in the penitentiary.

THE MASSACRE AT THE CUSTOM-HOUSE.

"NINE Heads in the Basket" is the appropriate heading of the news which came from Washington on Tuesday, announcing the removal of officials in the Appraiser's Department. A cocking main in New Jersey, or a lynching affair in Texas, or a shooting affray among gamblers in Arizona could not be treated with more *sang froid* by the newspapers than is this massacre at the Custom-house. It seems to us a very serious business, and not at all an occasion for merriment. Secretary Fairchild, in the character of a Tammany sachem, adorned with war-paint, and brandishing the tomahawk and scalping-knife, is not at all an agreeable or amusing subject for a cartoon. As to the victims, we do not know one of them. We read that this one has been in the service nine years, and that one six years, and so on. No charges are made against any of them, so far as the public are aware. The worst inferences will therefore be drawn, and ought to be; for it must be presumed that if any good reasons existed for such a massacre, they would have been promulgated at once.

Being left to grope in the dark for reasons for these proceedings, we naturally turn to what is called the Byrne report on alleged sugar frauds in New York. This document was sent to the Treasury Department November 1, 1887. The Senate called for a copy of it March 1, 1888. It was not furnished. A second call was made on the 8th inst., and the copy was sent in on the 18th without the "exhibits"—that is, without the matter which alone gives it any value as a guide to the truth. If Byrne had

been a man of known qualifications and character, some weight, corresponding to his reputation, would have attached to his report. The gravity of the subject on hand was such that an investigation by no less a body than a Commission, like the Jay Commission of Secretary Sherman's time, could have satisfied public opinion as to the existence or non-existence of the alleged frauds. A secret report from any source would not at all have answered the public requirement; and this is eminently a public requirement, going much beyond the beheading of a few Custom-house officials. It involves a general charge on the part of Boston that New York owes her primacy in foreign commerce, in part at least, to unfair dealings—that is, to fraud in the importation of sugar and other things. This charge is distinctly made in the Boston *Commercial Bulletin* of January 19. "The removal of Appraiser Lewis McMullen of New York," says this paper, "and a number of his assistant appraisers, by Secretary Fairchild, is a signal victory of a long struggle against dis-

crimination and dishonesty in the customs service, in which Boston merchants have borne the heat and burden of the battle, and may justly be credited with the victory. When the Boston movement against undervaluations was started, it met with much ridicule from certain New York parties, who claimed that it was a senseless outbreak, and that there was no foundation for the belief that undervaluations and dishonest appraisements prevailed in New York to the detriment of importers in other places." The *Bulletin* adds that "the investigation of Special Treasury Agent Byrne of Boston into the practices of the New York Custom house showed conclusively that undervaluations and frauds on the Treasury were the work of a well-defined ring of New York agents of foreign manufacturers and exporters, officials in the New York Custom house, and American importers." If New York's primacy in foreign commerce rested on the shifty foundation of frauds in the Custom-house, it would be very insecure. We have no facilities for undervaluing sugar that might not be copied and surpassed by any other port. If we have any "well-defined ring," such as the *Bulletin* speaks of, why are not the names of the parties composing it given? We shall take pleasure in printing them whenever they are furnished by any person or newspaper.

It is scarcely necessary to remark that there is no "Special Treasury Agent" of the name of Byrne, and that no report of Byrne "showed conclusively" anything whatsoever, because the report was kept secret until a few days ago, and the testimony upon which it was based is still secret. Whatever weight might attach to a commission like the Jay Commission by reason of the reputation of its personnel, none can attach to that of the manager of a skating-rink who was never heard of until he became a "special employee"—that is the title given to him by Mr. Fairchild—of the Treasury Department.

Well, Byrne's report, whether worth much or little, remained in the Department thirteen months. That very little importance was attached to it becomes evident from the fact that nothing was done under it, or in pursuance of it, until Appraiser McMullen made difficulties about some changes in the Custom-house service which were clearly of a political nature. Passing over those changes, however, and supposing them to have been non-political, we are moved to inquire what the Secretary was about during the thirteen months in which the nine examiners whose heads "rolled in the basket" on Tuesday were deemed fit to pass upon the value of sugar, wool, hardware, tobacco, etc. It is not sufficient to say that he was studying the Byrne report thirteen months, or that he was making other investigations. All secret investigations, Byrne's and his own, if he made any, involving the reputation of individuals, are worthless. All such investigations involving the name and fame of the city of New York, (for this is what is chiefly concerned), are worse than worthless. It is therefore a proper inquiry, What does this new-born

zeal of the Secretary, after a slumber of more than a year, signify? He can hardly fancy that he will commend himself to excessive popularity among his fellow-citizens by putting a stigma upon them *en masse* as the last act of his official life. If the public service really demands the massacre at the Custom-house, well and good. But it is for Mr. Fairchild to show this to fair-minded men before he leaves his present position.

HALLIWELL-PHILLIPS.

A FEW lines out of a letter from Mr. Phillips to the writer of this notice appeared in the *Nation* on December 20, 1888. That letter must have been among the very last he ever wrote. Among the rarities which he had most recently acquired, he spoke of "the printed original music to a song quoted in 'Twelfth Night' (act ii. 3) only one other copy being known." The words, which were, "Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone," now rise before us as a swan-song prophetic of his own departure as at hand. His health had long been failing; but, though faint, he was still pursuing his chosen way, and even in his ashes lived the wonted fires. The other recent find which he had mentioned in this last letter, was "a manuscript book of travels containing the earliest account of the interior of Shakspere's birth-room that has yet been discovered." This account must have reminded him in his age how in youth he had been among those first and foremost, about 1847, in saving the birth-house from being carried off bodily by Barnum into American captivity beyond the sea. Thanks, too, to Mr. Phillips, the Shakspelian garden at New Place was long ago restored as nearly as possible to the appearance it had presented at the era of Shakspere's retirement and death amid its flowers. Exact knowledge regarding Stratfordian topography may be said to have begun throughout with Phillips, nor is it easy to see how research in this direction can go further than it is carried in later editions of his "Outlines." His discovery of the deeds of the poet's New Place—the only ones of his time known to exist—dated 1532, 1563, and 1567, was chronicled by the *Nation* in 1886, and encourages hope of further light in unexpected quarters. Mr. Phillips's monograph on the travels of Shakspere's theatrical company (and hence possibly of Shakspere himself), and another on "Misprints," showing how in the text of the plays we may "by indirections find directions out," are two recent specimens among scores of booklets in which Mr. Phillips, in every way inventive love could dictate, was every year, for a generation, throwing sidelights on his favorite dramatist and his works. His only mistake lay in printing these booklets, Halliwelliana, almost all of them, for presentation among friends, and not putting them on the market at all. Recondite lore or subtle speculation has thus been hid in a corner: it should have been proclaimed on the house tops.

During less than twenty of his last years was Mr. Phillips rich enough to indulge his Shakspelian tastes. Indeed, he never bore the name Phillips till 1872, taking it with his wife's fortune. Born James Orchard Halliwell, his first schooling was in his birthplace, Chelsea, and Brighton. Then he was a Cambridge student for two years. But in 1840, when only twenty years old, he had already edited an edition of Sir John Mandeville. Henceforth his studies were antiquarian, and mainly in some department of English mediæval history. Some of his themes, as English nursery rhymes, the

wise men of Gotham, and oil inventories of furniture, seemed trivial—rather subhistoric than prehistoric; but he showed that "poor matters point to rich ends," that small matters had large relations, and he took up great things by little handles. He also dealt in more pretentious works—Letters of English Kings, mostly before unpublished, and an "Archaic and Provincial Dictionary" which is still high authority. So prodigious was his literary fecundity that he had produced threescore works before he was forty years old. Several of these were altogether Shakspelian, and in 1852 he began the most monumental edition of Shakspere that has ever been published—in sixteen elephant folios, limited to 150 copies at £63, subscription-price. During the progress of this vast work, which occupied him thirteen years, his recreations were rambles in Wales, Cornwall, and the Continent as far as the St. Gothard, which furnished material for more than one book.

From his fiftieth year Mr. Phillips has dedicated himself to illustrating Shakspere in his own way. But he had done much earlier. In 1862 he had engaged an accomplished draughtsman to make sketches of every morsel that could be found of Shakspere's England—that is, of every object that he himself was likely to have seen, following the routes taken by the poet in his various journeys, etc. This alone proved a six years' task. But after the windfall of a fortune, Mr. Phillips at once proceeded to lavish it on selectest Shakspelianiana. His house at Brompton he filled with Shakspelian books. Ere long he set up another establishment upon a hill-top 462 feet above Brighton. Here he treasured all Shakspelian rarities that money could buy, or search and research detect. His success was so great and speedy that it has long been confessed that Hollingbury Copse has the honor of sheltering more records and artistic evidences connected with the personal history of the great dramatist than are to be found in any other of the world's libraries. His motto in a hand-list of these memorials was: "But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy must sanctify his relics."

Nearly a decade ago, Mr. Phillips gave public notice that his collection was open at all times to Shakspelians. He had as great delight in exhibiting as in gathering his illustrative wonders. He printed catalogues that filled volumes, describing the curiosities. No matter whether visitors came as single spies or in battalions, they all, according to their several capacities, found what they sought.

On May 10, 1888, Mr. Phillips wrote to us: "My doctor says that I must lie fallow this summer—do as little in the way of reading and writing as possible. So it will be a capital opportunity for you to send your American friends here, and I need not say that any arriving with your introduction will be most warmly welcomed." As a help to any Shakspelian pilgrim we might send, Mr. Phillips had formerly enclosed to us what he called "A rough sketch-plan of the way to Hollingbury Copse from Brighton." This guide covers a sheet of foolscap (17x13½ inches), and abounds in characteristic notes. One of them reads thus:

"This local habitation and a name" derives the latter from an ancient British camp in its immediate vicinity—a fine and interesting example of primeval earthwork fortification, which has been known from time immemorial as Hollingbury Castle. The camp is intrenched on the highest eminence in the locality, over five hundred feet above the sea-level, and the copse is situated a little distance towards the west, at a somewhat lesser elevation. Although so near Brighton, being only two miles and a half from the sea, it has an essentially different

climate. Upon the day when this is being written, 24th February, 1888, although snow is scarcely visible in the town, the drifts here are several feet in depth outside the fences, and the roads impassable to any description of vehicle. Our only communication with Brighton is, just now, for some distance cut through the solid snow, and if the Hollingbury bungalow, with its present surroundings, is not a fragment of Nova Zembla, it must anyhow be a first-class imitation of it."

Two of our friends found their way to this Shakspelian Mecca on the 8th of last August. They were so received as to feel overpaid for their pilgrimage. Writing next day, they said: "Mr. Phillips is now, he says, pretty well, and his appearance corroborates this; but he told us that a month ago he was quite ill and unable to see any one." Nor was any formal introduction needed for securing a sight of the Shakspelian jewels. One apt quotation, one intelligent remark on the dramatist, was a sufficient open-sesame. One American youth, just out of college and on a walk about Brighton, calling, as he told us, with diffidence because un-introduced, was so greeted that he felt forthwith at ease, and went away with memories of most instructive hours. Mr. Phillips has assured us that he was more glad to see Americans than others, not only because they came from far, but because his own lucubrations had been appreciated in their country sooner than in his own.

More than four years ago, inspecting this Shakspelian museum, while the comments of its owner again and again added a precious seeing to our eye, we asked him what he meant to have done with his collection, since he could not always care for it, and no child of his inherited his tastes. His answer was that he was himself still at a loss what to do about it. We then said, speaking more than half jocosely: "Let us have it in America. We'll set it in a shower of gold and hail rich pearls upon it." What a complement it would form to the Boston printed Shakspelianiana, which have few superiors anywhere! Such a disposition of his memorials he confessed had not occurred to him. It seems as if the hint were not wholly lost, for he has bequeathed to the New York Shakspere Society all his electro-plates, wood-blocks, etc. His great collection he offers to the municipality of Birmingham for seven thousand pounds.

A TRIP TO DELPHI.

CAMBRIDGE, January 20.

THE conditions of travel in Greece are changing so rapidly, owing to the introduction of railroads and the laying out of highways, that we may expect that within a few years the Greek tour will be as common as the Southern Italian is now. Indeed, more Americans would visit the principal points of interest in Greece even now, but for the prevalence of misconceptions as to the danger, expense, and discomforts of such a trip. The first obstacle—danger—no longer exists. No act of brigandage has been reported since the famous "Marathon massacre" nearly twenty years ago, and that was the work not of Greeks but of Turks; the peasants are as harmless, and often as friendly, as those of the more secluded Swiss cantons. The expense, too, need deter no one; for in Greece as elsewhere it may be pretty much what you choose—from a dollar a day for pedestrians, to six or seven dollars a day apiece for those who take tents, horses, guides, and cooks with them. The discomforts are, indeed, still numerous, and in some cases almost too irksome for ladies; but every year they diminish, and before long it will be possible to take train or diligence to all the most famous spots, and to be fed and

lodged at decent hotels on the way. Perhaps the following account of an excursion to Delphi which I made with four companions in March, 1887, will show how easily one of the most interesting places in the world may be reached, and how the interest of the journey far outweighed temporary hardships.

Leaving Athens by the morning train, we reached Corinth at eleven o'clock. The modern town is laid out in checker board blocks, at a considerable distance from the site of ancient Corinth, and will be the commercial centre of the Peloponnesus as soon as the canal through the Isthmus is completed a year or two hence. At one o'clock our steamer started, and we were soon in the midst of the Gulf, surrounded by scenery which can hardly be matched on Lake Geneva. Behind us rose the rocky dome of Aerocorinth, along whose summit the castellated walls of a Turkish fortress ran as a crown. To the south stretched the numberless ridges of the Peloponnesian mountains, Kyllene, white with snow, and many a sharp, bare peak or jagged crest, and, nearer the shore, plateaux on which the ruins of Sikyon and other famous cities are buried. To the north, Kithairon's rounded shoulders shut out the view; then, farther westward, the more imposing heights of Helicon; and, still farther toward sunset, the great mass of Parnassus, partly veiled in clouds. A hundred little inlets and rocky promontories diversify this northern coast, and small islands fringe it. Before five o'clock the steamer entered the bay of Salona, which cuts deepest landwards, at the apex of which lies Itea, a fishing-village of a few hundred inhabitants. This is the landing place for the traveller bound to Delphi.

From Itea you can go by a good highroad to Salona, the ancient Amphissa, against which the Amphyctyons declared war, and which Philip of Macedon razed to the ground in b. c. 338. Good quarters for the night and fair conveyance for the morrow can be had at Salona, but we preferred to proceed on foot directly to Chrysò, a wretched hamlet lying on the mountain slope, and on the shortest road to Delphi. We walked for an hour or more through a large olive plantation, darkness having already fallen, and then clambered up a rocky path to the hamlet, where we were greeted by the howling of the wolfish mongrel dogs which infest every Greek settlement, but rarely harm strangers. Chrysò offered no other accommodation for travellers except a café—a single room as dingy as a blacksmith's shop, many of its window-panes broken, and its air reeking with the smoke of the open fire on which the proprietor heated the muddy coffee which the natives delight in, and with the fumes of cigarettes. A hard-boiled egg, a glass of Greek wine flavored with resin, some bread and coffee, were all the supper we could procure; and, for sleeping, we had to choose between the wooden benches set along the walls or the floor itself. The proprietor and an Albanian in fleece capote and fustanella stretched themselves on the floor, while we settled ourselves as best we could on the benches and chairs.

By five o'clock on the following morning we had breakfasted and set out. The path rises rapidly in zigzags over the shoulder of a mountain spur, but a carriage-road (not then completed) makes the ascent more gradually in ampler curves. After a climb of perhaps three miles we reached a rocky shelf, and then, turning to the left, Delphi lay before us, only a quarter of a mile distant. Surely no site more impressive could have been chosen for the most sacred spot of a nation's religious life. Two mighty cliffs rise perpendicular to the height of about a thousand feet—those Gleaming Cliffs

which the pilgrim could see as his ship sailed up the Gulf of Corinth. Once there was but a single wall of rock, but a deep, narrow cleft now cuts them midway from top to bottom. At their foot the erosion and storms of ages have hewed a thin belt of soil to which the present village of Kastri clings—I say "clings," for the slope is so steep that it seems as if the earth and the hovels upon it would, at the slightest jar, slip down into the valley of the Pleistos far below. The miserable dwellings of Kastri look like those stones with which the Swiss secure the slanting roofs of their chalets. It is but a mass of rubbish, which has buried the estimable treasures of Delphi. "O for a spade, and free scope for digging!" is the wish of every enthusiast, as he compares the actual scene with that which his imagination assures him might once have been beheld here. Then marble temples rose, tier above tier, against the dark background of the cliffs; statues, votive offerings, and monuments were distributed along the slopes, or crowned each jutting prominence; and instead of the beggarly, dirty, idle, ragged men and women who now squat on this haunt dear to the gods, the place was filled with distinguished pilgrims from all parts of the Greek world, with the most illustrious leaders of the Greek race, with the priests and interpreters of the Greek religion.

We must not forget that Delphi was one of the three centres of European religious zeal. What Jerusalem was to the Crusaders, and Rome to later Catholics, that Delphi was, for nearly a thousand years, to the devout Greek and the devout Roman. Hither, in prehistoric times, came Oedipus and Hercules; here the Alemaonidae built the first magnificent temple to Apollo; here Lycurgus and Solon consulted the oracle; and here the elder Brutus heard the response which confirmed him in his resolve to expel the Tarquins from Rome. Could we call up the long procession which filed along this road seeking counsel of the Pythian priestess during the historic period, we should recognize most of those whose deeds have been handed down to us by Plutarch, and many of whose career only the scantiest mention remains. We all recall instances of the importance in which the oracular sayings were held—how the shrewd Themistocles construed the prediction that "Athens should be saved by a wall of wood," to mean that the Athenians should conquer the Persians in a naval battle; and how, when Cicero asked the Pythoness how he could attain most glory, she replied, "By making your own genius, and not the opinion of the people, the guide of your life."

From the point whence we had our first view of Kastri, the slope curves sicklewise to the village. In the rocky parapets which line the road on the left, small niches have been cut, then we pass larger chambers, perhaps intended for tombs. On the right, on a spot now partly covered by the Chapel of St. Elias, are a few indistinct ruins, presumably of the Synedrion. A few hundred yards' walk brings us to the village, through which a single narrow street runs northward. The remains of ancient Delphi, which have hitherto been excavated, are lamentably small in comparison with those which may sometime be unearthed. The most interesting is the foundation of the Temple of Apollo, where the lower drums of some of the columns and many fragments are collected, but most important is part of the peribolos wall, composed of slabs, on which are many inscriptions. Near by is the so-called Hellenikon, part of the wall which once bounded the sacred precinct. The position of the theatre has also been determined, but as yet few traces of it are visible. In a shed belonging to the *phulax*, or "guar-

dian of antiquities," bits of sculpture, altars, inscriptions, and architectural fragments are piled in disorder on the ground. Descending a few rods from the Temple of Apollo, we come to that deep cleft in the Gleaming Cliffs—the seat of the oracle itself. A little spring rises at its base and flows out in a tiny rill; this is the Castalian Spring, whose waters were once dear to the Muses, and have been since the days of Ovid the symbol of poetic inspiration. When the snows melt on the mountains above, or after a heavy storm, the water is said to pour out of the chasm in a torrent, but when we saw it, it was only the little rill I have described, hurrying down into the valley and making a span wide riband of verdure on its course.

We do not know, nor shall we ever know, the construction of the oracle and the secret of its power. Time and earthquakes have destroyed the buildings here. We are told that vapors rose from the spring, and that the Pythoness, seated on a tripod, inhaled them, and was thrown into a trance in which she uttered her prophecies. Priests took down her revelations, and, having composed them in hexameters, gave them out to the inquirer. Certain it is that no mystery founded upon tricks alone could have commanded the reverence of the keen-witted Greeks during many generations. In the earliest times, the uncultivated and superstitious may have exaggerated very ordinary wisdom, and may have believed it to have had a supernatural source; likewise, in the period of decadence, when the more enlightened became what we should now call agnostics, the old mysteries may have been kept alive to awe the ignorant—just as the Roman Church still encourages such pseudo-miraculous performances as those of Lourdes and Loretto. But we may be sure that during the period when Greek civilization was at its highest, something more than a religious tradition or a pious fraud caused the best men to respect the decrees of the oracle. Not until the time of the Emperor Theodosius, in the fourth century of the Christian era, were the lips of the Pythoness closed.

Just below the Castalian Spring, and beyond two tall platane trees, are the remains of several edifices—the Gymnasium, now built over by the monastery of Panagia; the site of the Temple of Athena Pronoia; and some others, unidentified. After visiting these, we retraced our way to the village, where we procured a guide and pack-horse, and were soon winding along the steep mountainside. Above Kastri, on a small oval plateau, we could easily distinguish the site of the stadium, or race-course, for the wise Greeks always associated health of body with spiritual health; there was no dyspepsia in their religion. Every zigzag in the path now gave us a grander view. We looked down on the roofs of the Kastri hovels, and thought of the time before earthquake and barbarism and neglect had shaken down the beautiful temples and the hosts of statues (there were 3,000 of the latter, even as late as Pliny's day). Then the eye wandered into the valley of the Pleistos, a slender stream flowing from the vineyard-clad hills of Arachova. Just opposite, a majestic wall of cliffs, similar to those which overshadow Delphi, formed the eastern boundary of the valley. To the south lay the Corinthian Gulf and the Peloponnesus. A hard tramp of two or three hours brought us to the Corycian Cave, in which Bacchic festivals were once celebrated—festivals so famous that there is a tradition that Xerxes once attended them. The place is wild and desolate enough for a Walpurgisnacht revel. Then, across mountain meadows, where the farmers were ploughing, we regained the upper valley of the Pleistos, and came by nightfall to Ara-

chova, a thriving town, where, in the Greek war of independence, Karaïskakis annihilated an army of five thousand Turks under Mustam Bey, and made a pyramid of their heads.

But of our further expedition I do not intend to speak here in detail. The day's journey from Arachova to Lebadia took us past the *triodes* where Oedipus killed his father; and by Charonea, where Plutarch dwelt, and where the fragments of the colossal lion, set up to commemorate the patriots who fell in the battle against Philip, still strew the ground. A good carriage road leads from Lebadia to Thebes, skirting the outposts of Helicon on one side and the reedy marshes of the Copaic Lake on the other; and from Thabes to Eleusis a diligence-road, equal to the best in Switzerland, winds over Kithairon to Eleusis. Doubtless the time will soon come when the whole trip from Itea to Thebes can be made in a carriage, and when one can leave Athens in the morning and comfortably reach Delphi before dark. What is needed to complete the interest of the trip is the excavation of Delphi itself. Instead of being thwarted by the rubbish-heaps and hovels of Kastri, we would see one of the most famous spots in the world cleared of these, and whatever remains of its temples and statuary and inscriptions brought again to view for the instruction and delight of ourselves and of posterity. We owe to the French the excavations already made: the chance is now offered to Americans of achieving the work. Is there no rich man among us—no body of men—who, at a comparatively small cost, will win this honor for himself, and earn the gratitude of all educated men?

WILLIAM R. THAYER.

PASTELS AT THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

LONDON, January 2, 1889.

THE recent exhibition of pastels at the Grosvenor Gallery has attracted a great deal of attention as an attempt at reviving a lost method of artistic expression in England. That the art of pastels has never been extinct on the Continent is sufficiently proved at this exhibition by the technical skill of the drawings exhibited by Parisian artists of the Société de Pastillistes Français, by Anna Bilinska, the Polish artist, by Hubert Vos, Fantin-Latour, and others.

As a whole, the effect of a great number of pastels together is very wearisome. The material has its distinct limitations, and we should pronounce the more finished productions the least artistic. The color of flesh in pastel is opaque and chalky; there is no possibility of rendering the delicate gradations of half-tints, as in oil or water color. The same opaqueness is felt, when landscape is treated, in the want of luminous color in skies and a lack of depth and variety of tint in foliage. The material seems well adapted for hasty notes of color for the artist's own working studies. Some slight sketches of Whistler exhibited here of Venice in this vein are quite delightful in suggestiveness. We may add that the impressionists show to better advantage in pastels than in any other form, the material lending itself to the limited scale of color and decided forcing of effect through contrast.

Theodore Roussel has a romantic Pierrot, all in white against a white background; the face alone is in color, with sad gray eyes contrasting strangely with the surrounding fanciful cap and dress of pure white. "Ma fonction est d'être blanc" is its motto. The different

tints of white are so dexterously managed that the head is in good relief. Anna Bilinska has several life-size studies of Polish peasants in national costume, drawn and modelled with great power, but remarkably coarse and raw in color. Among the more successful of the highly finished examples of portraiture is "A Spanish Lady" by Helleu (No. 148) lent by Mr. John Sargent. The lady is sitting very erect in evening costume, beside an elaborately-drawn harp; her black tulle, deep cut V-shaped, contrasts strongly against her white, thin shoulders; her eyes, with drooped eyelids, look meditatively out of the picture. There is a disagreeable chalky whiteness in the flesh, due, no doubt, to the nature of pastel.

Fantin-Latour has several groups of figures, all of them executed in a disagreeable, rather scratchy manner. No. 67, "Scene from Berlioz's Opera, 'Béatrice et Bénédict,'" reminds us of nothing but illustrations for music covers. It may be that this was the original destination of the design, as also of "The Dance" (No. 70), in which rather solid nymphs are wildly whirling in a circle. There is no trace of the full, brilliant color we generally admire in the works of this artist.

"Confirmation Day," by Lhermitte (No. 6), is the one work of this collection which can be called a picture, the rooms being crowded with experimental studies, portraits, and sketches. A number of young girls, in stiff muslin dresses and white confirmation veils, are waiting their turn, while the priest is giving the holy communion to one of their party. The anxious, eager faces of these village maidens are rendered with great individuality and character, although the heads are not an inch long. The priest and his acolytes, with touches of purple and scarlet in their costumes, the gray walls of the chancel with its painted glass window—all seems quite faithfully given, with ample detail and delicate drawing throughout. The same artist has another picture (No. 50) of children fishing from a wooden bridge, very cleverly drawn and agreeable in quality of touch; in this the prevailing colors are gray, blue, and green.

Among the landscapes those of Peppercorn, especially No. 66, "A Bend in the River," seem most satisfactory, probably because this artist generally chooses late evening effects, when the trees are nearly black and the sky silvery white. The landscapes of W. Stott, of Oldham, are very unlike his usual work; the same artist's "Near the Fireside" (No. 248) represents a lady sitting beside a very ungrainy black-leaded grate.

Of French studies of the semi-nude, there is no lack, all very poor in workmanship, and in the worst possible taste. Machard's "Juno" is simply the undressed model with peacock feathers in her hand.

The contemplation of highly-finished pastels in this exhibition recalls to memory the papier-maché tea trays of thirty years ago, and a style of art reserved for their decoration which we hoped would be by this time obsolete. But the facility of pastel seems to be a temptation to which most artists succumb sooner or later, and we have examples here of well-known names—Holman Hunt, G. Solomon, C. H. Shannon, W. F. Yeames, B. Sickert, G. Clausen, Mark Fisher, Mrs. Jopling, etc. There is no doubt that this first pastel exhibition will incite fresh enthusiasts to try their hand, and will be followed by others, since it has been so very successful from the business point of view. That the material is not very durable does not seem to deter purchasers, and that the works in question will not outlast our own time is scarcely to be regretted.

DÖLLINGER ON AMERICAN LITERATURE.

MUNICH, January 1, 1889.

LAST week, before a crowded public meeting of the Bavarian Royal Academy of Sciences, Dr. Döllinger read a paper an hour and a half in length on America's Contributions to Literature. It was a sight truly sublime to see the venerable scholar, ninety years of age, rich with the best learning of the Old World and disciplined in its combats, turning with the enthusiasm of a youth to study the intellectual conditions of the newest of the nations. Though age had won some victories on the wrinkled face and stooping shoulders, the eyes were penetrating, the voice clear if slow, and the step limber. Sign of age in the paper itself there was none, unless indeed of the ripeness of age. The style was easy, altogether free from German ponderosity, lucid, sometimes witty, every sentence and paragraph finding a predetermined place in the whole. The scientific mind was visible everywhere—the mind trained to gather evidence at the best sources, criticizing everything and forming its own conclusions, and in its exposition of results incapable of superfluity, suggestiveness, or hortation. With adequate simplicity he spoke whatever he had to say, and where he was ignorant he remained silent.

He pointed out how impossible it has become for a people any longer to dwell apart and live for itself alone. With our present means of communication, nation must influence nation as formerly citizen influenced citizen. What America is doing concerns Germany. Both belong to the same intellectual world, a world in which the English-speaking race must soon obtain such a primacy as formerly was held by Greece and Rome. No other European language is spoken by two world-powers. Let our own books be made where they may, the books of our grandchildren will largely be formed by America.

For more than the first hundred years after its settlement, America was isolated, and related its intellectual life but slightly to that of other lands. Its settlers brought with them a few books of divinity and philosophy, and these formed the starting-points of their own thought. Milton's poetry, especially his "Samson Agonistes," stirred their deeper feeling. Roger Williams's tract on the 'Bloody Tenet of Persecution' is the only piece of early indigenous writing which can be called literature. Ministers were the chief literary men of the colonies, and their printed sermons and harsh verses were but ephemeral. In the eighteenth century, however, the dominant theological tendencies rose to a form of genius in the person of Jonathan Edwards—*ein weithin leuchtendes Gestirn*. He and his followers created a distinctively American theology, which to-day has life and breath. The works of Edwards are the one large contribution America has made to the deeper philosophic thought of the world.

In the political field a parallel impulse was given by Benjamin Franklin, whose Autobiography must be classed among the books of perpetual worth. Washington, too, deepened among his countrymen the conception of what a man may be, and thus contributed something to their literary life. The separation of the United States from England, the lecturer did not regard as fortunate for either party. Had England acknowledged the necessary connection of taxation and representation, she would have been strong enough to defy Napoleon on the Continent; in both countries the monarchical principle, in a very mild type, would have been preserved; and America would have es-

caused the calamity of a civil war by freeing her slaves peaceably when England freed her own.

No literature came out of the Revolutionary War. For nearly fifty years after that struggle, the still isolated and hard-working people were too closely engaged in developing their new institutions and in earning their daily bread to write much besides political pamphlets; but as the middle of the present century approached, four men stood forth to show that American books might win the world to read them. Cooper, Irving, Prescott, Channing, are the true fathers of American literature. Cooper has domesticated his Indians in Europe. Irving's voluminous writings have stimulated the taste of his countrymen as no other books of their own have done, and still they are books which may be read everywhere and always. Prescott treats certain epochs of Spanish history better than they have been treated by any other historian. Channing is more local, more limited in range; yet his services in quickening the American conscience, especially in the matter of slavery, must not be overlooked.

These four were the only writers individually discussed by the lecturer. Whether on account of an imperfect acquaintance with the writers of to-day, or because of the size and extreme complexity of our present literary exhibit from this early point to its distant conclusion, Dr. Döllinger turned his paper into a discussion of the conditions and shaping influences which attend literature in America.

For many years the physical sciences, particularly in their connections with practical life, have been eagerly pursued in America. Already there are twenty-eight well-equipped astronomical observatories there. The historical and humanistic studies have lagged behind. For evidence on the literary status of the people at large the lecturer ingeniously resorted to publishers' catalogues. These show the favorite books to be the Bible, Pilgrim's Progress, Shakespere, and Burns. The 'Vicar of Wakefield,' Macaulay, and Dickens have also been printed in more than half a dozen editions each. To a German the appearance of Gibbon's History in thirteen editions is a fact decisive in determining the low state of historical studies in America. Yet what a contrast is there between the largely-sold books of America and of France! A true Anglo-Saxon in taste and temper the American remains; and though North differs from South and East from West in culture, a common type of character, and of those social ideals which leave their mark on literature, dominates the land.

In studying this type and these ideals, we find the well-known English antipathy to speculative philosophy. The American does not trouble himself about metaphysics, though he exceeds the men of all other lands in the acuteness of his inventive power and in his passion for knowledge of a certain grade. Appleton's Biographical Dictionary⁽⁷⁾ devotes a section to "Inventors," as one elsewhere might to soldiers or to lords. Institutions of education abound, as do those of art, charity, and mutual helpfulness; but there is no aristocracy, unless, indeed, the whole native population may be called an aristocracy. At any rate, no native American ever becomes a servant; domestic service is performed by foreigners. Distinctions of wealth remain; but these, when so obviously mutable, lose half their bitterness. Of that oppression which in other countries is exercised by a few high-placed individuals over the multitude, there is none; yet an oppression exists, and one perhaps more fatal—the oppression which the multitude itself here practises upon

its more advanced members. The reverence for the mighty monarch, public opinion, is nowhere so universal and so stifling. The country must not be criticized; it will hear nothing but praise. A shallow optimism in regard to all things American has become widespread, and was noticed even by Emerson, who himself contributed to its currency. Yet, existing half unconsciously, there is also a general sense of limitation. The Americans are great travelers. They say they travel in order to see how superior to others their own country is; but something in the tone of their better writers makes us suspect that these nomadic habits are rather due to unrest at home, and to the desire to widen a range of vision too much restricted by democratic surroundings.

Social conditions like these present many hindrances to the growth of literature. Three deserve a separate notice—the popular newspaper, the absence of a learned class, the absence of an official class. The American newspaper stands on a much lower level than the English; it terrorizes and vulgarizes the community. Many a good book remains unwritten either through fear of the press or because its intending author has finally adjusted his standards to the tone of the ephemeral writing about him; and no learned class comes to his aid. America knows no *Gelehrtenstand*—no body of men securely devoted from youth to age to the pursuit of science. Specialists in the physical sciences, particularly in those departments which are connected with mechanics and the technical arts, are not lacking; but the few Americans who in Germany might be counted learned have not received their training at home, nor have they any sure position there. There is not in America an institution of higher education which can bear comparison with a third-class German university. This absence of high standards and of opportunity for high discipline works great injury to law, medicine, and pure letters.

In other countries the class of permanent office-holders affords a strong support to literature. Its men of partial leisure supply a body of discerning readers, and out of it comes not a few good writers. It forms a connecting link between the specialists and the ignorant public. Under the patronage of securely-placed officers of the state, the army, the church, the bench, and the medical profession, letters have always flourished; but in America many of these persons have a culture extremely meagre, many others hold offices which are only temporar'y theirs. Political offices being newly filled with each incoming administration, the service of the State never becomes a profession. Jackson's maxim—that to the victor belong the spoils—has indirectly done serious damage to literature.

As we try to forecast the future of literature in America, we see that it must be largely affected by the solution ultimately reached of three political problems—the treatment by the State of the great corporations, the railroads especially; the management of the negro population, already admitted to the vote but not to social equality; and the power of the country to absorb an undiminishing stream of European immigration. The hordes of foreigners burdens the North, fills its jails, cheapens its wages, and exhausts its charities. The South still desires immigration, and everywhere Germans are welcomed; but the old belief that America can make good citizens out of all the restless and improvident who have failed in their own lands has received a rude shake.

The problems here indicated are not, it is true, problems merely of the New World; were they so, we need not concern ourselves

about them: they are merely problems more urgent at present there than elsewhere, and they are presented there in terms of peculiar distinctness. This fact, that the questions on trial in America are world-questions, makes it important for the man who would be acquainted with his kind to study America, its government, its society, and, as an expression of all else, its literature.

In this summary, reported by memory and corrected by a brief newspaper report the next day, I am sure I do injustice to the thought of Dr. Döllinger; but perhaps enough is here given to show at least the curious psychological interest of the lecture. An acute man, singularly free from prejudice, accustomed to weighing evidence, undertakes to construct a picture of a people whom he has never visited. That people is less distant from him than Greece formerly was from Rome. It is in daily communication with his own city of Munich. Its newspapers are on file everywhere. Books, pictures, and statistics relating to it abound. Hundreds of Munich citizens have visited America; hundreds of Americans are now living in Munich. This very scholar counts Americans among his intimate friends. Under such exceptionally favorable conditions, how true a picture can be drawn of an unseen land! It was this question of descriptive accuracy, I confess, which interested me more than the critical estimates of Dr. Döllinger, for I thought the lecture might throw some light on the probable success of the efforts scholars are always making to reconstruct across thousands of years the private life of nations enormously unlike ourselves. The result was something of a surprise to me. I detected no large number of false statements; from errors of this sort the habits of the scientific historian guarded him well. There were some important omissions. But the most striking distortion was in the perspective. Even those monarchical-minded Americans from whose writings a large part of the facts stated was obviously drawn, would have acknowledged that the picture as a whole was considerably out of drawing. Proportions, relative degrees of importance, are not easily obtained at second hand. The most diligent, the most unbiased of scholars needs to substantiate by experience the report of books.

G. H. T.

Correspondence.

PROFESSOR LANCIANI AND THE AGE OF BRONZE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your review of Prof. Lanciani's charming study of 'Ancient Rome in the Light of Recent Discoveries,' you speak of the difficulty of following his reasoning when he argues that the cinerary hut-urns found on the Alban Mount belong to the prehistoric age of bronze, while the shepherds who made them also possessed foreign imported pottery which was not introduced into Italy earlier than the seventh century B. C. The trouble lies in the fact that Prof. Lanciani, although he is an expert in classical antiquities, is not such in regard to prehistoric times. He asserts that "the foundation of Rome dates from the age of bronze," and attempts to establish this from the fact that certain cinerary urns, made in the shape of a hut or tent, were discovered underneath a layer of peperino on the slopes of the Alban Mount. These contained "the remains of an incinerated body with fibulae and other objects in amber and bronze." But he

goes on to argue that, because no iron was found with them, they belong to "the age of bronze." He might just as well have maintained that they belong to "the age of stone," since he also states that they were found enclosed in jars of an exceedingly rough kind of terracotta, "hand-made and sun-dried." Does Prof. Lanciani suppose that the shepherds on the Alban Mount had not advanced beyond the stage of culture of our American Indians, none of whose pottery which we find in the "shell-heaps" marking the site of their ancient dwellings, is "sun-dried," but always well baked—not, it is true, in a covered kiln, but upon an open hearth?

The truth is, that the hut-urns and all their contents of black Latial pottery, together with the rough jars that enclose them, belong to what is called by European archaeologists the "Early Iron Age." The dispute is as to whether this period represents the earliest "proto-Etruscan" time, or a prior Italic "pre-Etruscan" civilization. The bronze age pure—that is, the time before the use of iron was known—is found in Italy only in the Terremates of Umbria, which show no traces of iron, and are contemporary with the lake dwellings of the bronze age in Switzerland and Savoy.

I quite agree with Prof. Lanciani in thinking that Prof. Middleton is wrong in arguing that the recent discovery of early tombs on the Esquiline in Rome indicates a prior Etruscan settlement there. The black pottery found in them is Latial and not Etruscan in character; but Lanciani is equally wrong in stating that "Ponzi, the late leader of Italian geologists, decided the vases [found on the Alban Mount] had not been buried by the lava eruptions." His opinion is exactly the contrary, as may be seen in his paper on "The Relations of Prehistoric Man with the Geological Phenomena of Central Italy" (p. 69), in the *compte rendu* of the Bologna Congress of Prehistoric Archaeology, in 1871. The commission that had investigated this question in 1866—not in 1867, as Lanciani says—consisted of Profs. Ponzi, De Rossi, Pigorini, and Senator Rosa; and it was the last gentleman who held the opinion that the vases "had been introduced under the lava-bed from a Roman road which crosses the Pascolare close by." It was with the desire of settling this matter beyond a possibility of question that the late Prof. Edward Desor of Neuchâtel arranged for a reinvestigation of the question by quite a large committee, including De Rossi, who had participated in the previous inquiry. This was done on April 2, 1877, and I had the pleasure of accompanying the party by Prof. Desor's invitation. The result of our studies he communicated to the *Mémoires* (vol. xii, p. 297), and it shows that Rosa was mistaken. As the subject of the original discovery of the vases in 1817 is interesting, and the memoirs in which it is discussed are difficult to procure, I will state that a complete account of the circumstances will be found in Hobhouse's "Illustrations to the Fourth Canto of Childe Harold" (p. 328), which was published the following year.

As stated before, these hut-urns belong to the early iron age, which the Italian archaeologists call the "period of Villanova," from the discoveries made at his villa there, near Bologna, by the late Count Gozzadini. They have been discovered in five different places in Italy, besides in the cemetery upon the slopes of the Alban Mount—in tombs of the earliest description at Corneto, the ancient Etruscan Tarquinii; in others near the alum-works at Tolfa, about twelve miles east of Civita Vecchia; in the recently-discovered cemetery near Colonna di Buriano, which undoubtedly repre-

sents the ancient Etruscan Vetulonia, whose site has been so long sought for in vain; in the great cemetery on Lake Bolsena, a relic of the Etrurian Volsinii; and lastly in the one recently discovered in Rome, on the Esquiline. Probably it was the circumstance that all the sites where hut-urns have been discovered, except on the Alban Mount and at Rome, were unquestionably Etruscan, which caused Prof. Middleton to maintain the theory of an Etruscan origin for Rome. But the hut-urns are only one of the types of the pottery and other objects which mark the epoch of Villanova; and the recent discovery of tombs containing undoubted objects belonging to the period of Villanova, near the site of the old Greek city of Sybaris, in southern Italy, in a region beyond the farthest reach of the Etruscan power, has greatly strengthened the position of those scholars who believe in an early Italic pre-Etruscan civilization.

Prof. Lanciani's conclusion is, that "when Rome was founded, the inhabitants of central Italy, Etruria excluded, had only attained that degree of civilization which is called the civilization of bronze," because no iron was found in the cemeteries at Alba Longa and upon the Esquiline. But as everything else found in them corresponds exactly with what is found in tombs of the Villanova period, in the early iron age, these two arguments fall to the ground. His third argument, drawn from the abhorrence of iron manifested in the Roman religious rites, proves too much: for the same survival of old habits and traditions in religious matters is manifested in the use, down to very late times, made by the *feialis* of a stone axe to slay the victim at the sacrifice offered on the ratification of a treaty.

So I will conclude, as I began, with the statement that Prof. Lanciani might as reasonably have argued that Rome was founded in the age of stone as in the age of bronze.

I am yours, HENRY W. HAYNES.
BOSTON, January 20, 1889.

LANCIANI AND PLINY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The charge has sometimes been brought against archaeologists that their classical scholarship is deficient, and Prof. Rodolfo Lanciani's "Ancient Rome in the Light of Recent Discoveries," just published, furnishes some ground for this charge. This book contains several remarkable statements, but there is one instance of such curious misinterpretation that it deserves to be called to the attention of your readers. The error is such that it is very difficult of explanation except as a result of great carelessness or ignorance of the Latin language. On page 113, Prof. Lanciani, speaking of the reading-room of the Palace of the Caesars, says:

"It is probable that in this reading-room were held the sittings of the literary academies and societies described by Pliny the Younger in his letter to Sosius Senecio (I, 13), which were the delight of the Emperor Claudius, the abhorrence and the horror of literary men, who were obliged by their connection with the imperial court to lose hours upon hours in listening to silly and narcotic lecturers. Nothing could be more graphic than the description by Pliny of one of these compulsory sittings. 'We approach the hall,' he says, 'as if we were compelled by main force; many of us sit outside of the door, and try to overcome the *ennui* by discussing the gossip of the town. Messengers are surreptitiously sent in to inquire whether the lecturer has really made his appearance, whether he has finished his prologue, or how many sheets are still to be read. Then, when we hear that the moment of deliverance is not very far off, we come in slowly, sit on the edge of our chairs, and do not even wait for the end of the discourse to slip or steal away.'"

Let us turn now to the text of the letter in question (I, 13). We read as follows:

"Magnum proventum poetarum annus hic attulit: toto mense Aprili nullus fere dies quo non recitaret aliquis. Juvat me quod vigent studia, proferunt se ingenia hominum et ostentant, tametsi ad audiendum pigre coit. Plethora in stationibus sedent tempusque audiendi fabulis conterunt, ac subinde sibi nuntiari jubent, an jam recitator intraverit, an dixerit praefationem, an ex magna parte evolverit librum: tunc demum ac tunc quoque lente cunctanterque veniunt; nec tamē permanent sed ante finem recessunt, alii dissimulante et furtim, alii simpliciter et libere. At hercule memoria parentum Claudium Casarem ferunt, cum in palatio spatiaretur audissetque clamorem, causam requisse, cumque dictum esset recitare Nonianum, subitum recitanti inopinata venisse."

The rest of the letter contains Pliny's lament over the fact that in his time the men of the most leisure did not care enough about literature to listen to the readings; or, if they did use any of their time in this way, complained that it was lost. He himself asserts that he has missed scarcely one, and expresses his pleasure in such exercises.

A moment's glance at the original is sufficient to show how thoroughly wrong the impression made by the translation is. There is no evidence in the letter that any "literary academies and societies" existed, or that they met usually in the Palace of the Caesars. A single instance related of Claudius is not sufficient ground for asserting his "delight" in such exercises. From the language of Prof. Lanciani one might easily infer that this letter described the state of things under Claudius, and that, because of his fondness for recitations, the literary men were grievously tormented. The date of publication of this letter was probably 97 A. D., and the emperors of that time did not indulge in excessive literary enthusiasm or compel audiences to assemble to hear "narcotic lecturers." There was nothing "compulsory" about these recitations: on the contrary, Pliny bewailed the fact that so many refused to take advantage of their opportunities. It is difficult to see how the meaning of so simple a passage could be so mistaken. SAMUEL B. PLATNER.

ADELBERT COLLEGE, January 19.

DECAY OF EASTERN FARM LANDS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The exigencies of argument become very obvious when men like Senators Hoar, Dawes, and Hiscock are driven to assert, as they did in the Senate on January 15, that farming property in the Eastern States has not depreciated. Senator Hoar becomes amusing when he claims that "the existence of mortgages is a sign of life and health."

Perhaps no better answer to the stock argument of the protectionists—that the farmer gains more from the local market made by manufacturing villages and towns than he loses in the increased cost of the goods he buys—can be found than a statement of the condition of some of the towns near these manufacturing cities on the Merrimac River. The Merrimac turns more spindles than any other river in the world. Within a few miles of each other, around the great bend of the river from south to east, are the cities of Nashua, Lowell, Lawrence, and Haverhill. In the farming towns of Windham, Pelham, and Hudson, N. H., situated within the bend, and so within easy access of all four of the above-named cities, we ought to find prosperous "protected" farming.

On one main road from Lowell to Windham, twelve miles, I count six deserted sets of farm buildings, besides several which have already

gone to ruin. Fields and pastures are growing up to wood, houses in which, a generation ago, sturdy manhood and womanhood flourished, are gone to utter ruin; in many school districts there are not sufficient children to have a school. The whole appearance is one of poverty and decay; to ride along our country roads is extremely depressing. In no part of New England with which I am acquainted is the decay of the farming interests so obvious and so complete as here by the manufacturing cities. Instead of the homogeneous population of thrifty, intelligent, self-respecting farmers and mechanics that occupied this section fifty years ago, we now have, in our cities, a few fine streets of residences for the capitalists and employers, and then our "French Acre," "Irish Acre," corporation boarding and tenement-houses, and in our country *a desert*—for it is already nearly that.

Possibly this may be "progress," and a modern, improved kind of progress—one that has not been brought about by rude, natural causes, but one that results from the incomparable wisdom of our legislators, who are so kindly taxing us into wealth. Our farming interests would have suffered enough from the inevitable competition with more favored sections; but the ruin has been precipitated by the tremendous burden of taxation that the farmer has borne. It is no small thing when nation renders impossible the existence of a class that has been the source of so much energy, talent, and character as have the New England farmers.

G. W. A.

NASHUA, N. H., January 16, 1889.

HOW TO REACH THE FARMERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am a farmer as well as an innkeeper, and I recognize the importance, the necessity, of educating the farmers on this great question of the tariff. Facts and non-partisan arguments are not found in the publications that reach the farmers. To reach them with the right sort of information upon this subject is the problem. Could there not be a national organization, with members in every county if possible, who would see to it that the best tariff literature was sent to the homes of farmers? The farmers of the West are intelligent and open to conviction, but partisan harangues and "campaign documents" will never educate them, or hardly change a vote.

H.

BEATRICE, Neb., January 12, 1889.

Notes.

It is proposed to undertake a series of facsimiles of the choicest treasures of the Bodleian Library, if adequate support is forthcoming. The works will be selected for their special rarity or for some unusual importance or interest attaching to them. Subscribers will secure lowest rates. The first three reproductions will be the Caedmon MS. (10s. 6d. per part of twelve); "Ars Moriendi: that is to saye the craft for to deye for the helthe of mannes sowle" (a supposed unique Caxton, 1491, 2s. 6d.); a rare and perhaps unique description of the procession ordered by the Pope in thanksgiving for the St. Bartholomew massacre (1s. 6d.). Prepayment is required. Subscribers should address Mr. Henry Frowde, Oxford University Press Warehouse, Amen Corner, London. Specimens of the facsimiles have been sent out, with descriptions of the above documents.

Harper & Bros. publish directly "The Government of the United States," a text-book and

manual, by W. J. Cocker; "Our English," by Prof. Adams S. Hill; "Modern Science in Bible Lands," by Sir J. W. Dawson; and Charles Reade's "Bible Characters."

A translation of Duruy's "Histoire de France," abridged, for the use of schools, is in the press of T. Y. Crowell & Co. Prof. J. F. Jameson of Brown University has supervised it.

Ginn & Co. publish next month "An Introduction to the Poetry of Robert Browning," by Prof. Wm. John Alexander of Dalhousie College.

Frederick Warne & Co.'s next issue in their "Cavendish Library" will be "Leigh Hunt as Poet and Essayist," being the choicest passages from his works, selected and edited, with a biographical introduction, by Charles Kent.

The production of novels continues without abatement. We are promised "A Shocking Example, and Other Sketches," by Frances Courtenay Baylor (Lippincott); "Raleigh Westgate; or, Epimenides in Maine," by Mrs. Helen Kendrick Johnson (Appletons); "Vagabond Stories," by Prof. H. H. Boyesen (D. Lothrop Co.); "A Nine Men's Morris," by Walter Herries Pollock, and "A Dangerous Cat-saw," by D. Christie Murray and Henry Murray (Longmans); and "Frederick Struther's Romance," by Albert Ullmann (Brentano's).

Leach, Shewell & Sanborn will undertake a "Student's Series of Latin Classics," under the editorial supervision of Prof. Ernest Mondell Pease of Bowdoin College. The collaborators represent many and widely separated colleges.

Lockhart's "Ancient Spanish Ballads" is the latest volume of the Messrs. Putnam's "Nugget Series." It is no small part of the merit of this edition that it reproduces, at a reduced scale, wood engravings of the school of Harvey which are well worth comparing with our present style, by way of correction of excessive complacency.

The same publishers send us their "Pocket Gazetteer of the World," edited by J. G. Bartholomew. Its 625 pages will be found sufficiently inclusive for ordinary reference, and the information generally trustworthy. Where the single-line brevity is departed from, a disproportion is sometimes observable. Both New York and Baltimore, to take American examples, are allowed less than their due space. England and her dependencies have been especially well looked after. Sir W. W. Hunter's Indian orthography has been adopted, but with cross references. A few maps of rainfall, population, races, etc., conclude the little volume.

Roberts Brothers continue their reissue of Arthur Helps's works with his "Story of Real-mah."

B. Westermann & Co. are the American publishers of the new edition of the "Porta Linguarum Orientalium," which has introduced so many students to the study of Oriental languages. The latest additions to the series are the Syriac Grammar of Dr. Eberhard Nestle, translated by Prof. A. R. S. Kennedy of the University of Aberdeen, and an Arabic Bible Chrestomathy, with a Glossary, by George Jacob, Ph. D., of the Royal Library of Berlin. Dr. Nestle is in every way qualified for the task, and the German original of his grammar has already reached a second edition. Dr. Jacob's Chrestomathy is published as a sort of appendix to the Arabic Grammar of the series by Dr. Socin. On the theory that the Arabic Bible versions did not properly represent the language, he omitted them entirely from his Chrestomathy. For practical reasons, however, teachers of Oriental languages desired portions of the Bible in their text-books, and it was to meet this want that the Bible-Chresto-

maty was published. The selection is representative, including texts from Genesis, Judges, Samuel, Kings, Psalms, and Matthew. The latter work is poorly translated. The publication of the series in English affords a striking proof of the interest had in Semitic studies in this country and England.

In this connection it may be remarked that the inaugural dissertations at the German universities generally reflect the impress of the teacher on the student's mind, and may therefore be taken as indicative of the prevailing lines of work. Among the newer dissertations in the line of Semitic research are "Rabbi Meir, the Life and Work of a Jewish Scholar of the Second Century after Christ, from the sources," by Adolf Blumenthal; "The Age of the Prophet Joel," by G. Kessner; "Syrian Version of the Twelve Minor Prophets," by M. S. Schönberger, and "The Kuteans as Observers of the Law, from Talmudic sources," by Israel Taglient.

The German Government is engaged in publishing catalogues of the manuscripts preserved in the Royal Library of Berlin. There have appeared recently the volumes on the Armenian manuscripts, by Dr. N. Karamatz, Persian, by Wilhelm Pertzsch, Sanskrit and Prakrit, by A. Weber. The Trustees of the British Museum have just published a catalogue of their Turkish manuscripts prepared by Dr. Charles Rieu.

There has just issued from the Calcutta press the Report of the Archaeological Survey of India, by Joseph Davyatch Motk Beglaroff, from Bombay, the original Pahlava text of the "Dinkard," vol. v., the great religious commentary, with a translation and glossary by Peshotan Dastur Behramjee Sanjana, and from London (Trübner), "Next of kin Marriages in Old Iran," by Darab Dastur Peshotan Sunjana.

In addition to the £50 granted to our countryman, Mr. L. H. Mills, translator of the "Zend Avesta," by the British Secretary of State for India, the trustees of the Sir J. Jejeebhoy Translation Fund of Bombay have voted Mr. Mills 925 rupees towards his translation of the Gathas, the first volume of which has been doing its work in widely extended private circulation among specialists in Germany and elsewhere for the past four or five years.

Among the recent publications of the United States Geological Survey is Bulletin 47, containing "analyses of waters of the Yellowstone National Park, with an account of the methods of analysis employed." The investigation is the work of Dr. F. A. Gooch and Mr. J. Edward Whittlesey upon the waters collected by those engaged in conducting the geological survey of the region, and gives the result of an examination of forty-three waters. It includes the waters thrown out by such geysers as "Old Faithful," "Splendid," and "Giantess," and the principal hot springs found throughout the Park. Surface waters have also been studied, including those from Yellowstone Lake and the supply to the hotels at the Mammoth Hot Springs. Estimations of the amount of boric acid, bromide, arsenic, and lithium have been made in most instances in the silicious waters; they may properly be called arsenical waters. This able research should be of value, not only to geologists and chemists, but to physicians and all interested in the therapeutic qualities of thermal waters from volcanic areas.

Against the day when the Maritime Provinces of the Dominion of Canada obey the law of their geographical position, and join our Republic, there should be a certain interest taken in the collections of the

Nova Scotia Historical Society. The volume for 1887-88 has just come to hand, and the titles of the leading papers will show that the more the Province cultivates historical studies, the more it must turn its face westward. Justice Weatherbe discusses at considerable length "The Acadian Boundary Dispute and the Ashburton Treaty," and concludes that the unfair settlement "must be rectified." The Rev. T. Watson Webb has an equally long paper on "The Loyalists at Shelburne," with much curious matter about slavery in Nova Scotia. "It was the harsh treatment of a slave by a Loyalist master who had carried him to London," he says, that evoked Lord Mansfield's famous decision, a prelude to the decisive attack on the slave-trade. A decision of Chief-Judge Osgoode's abolished slavery in Upper Canada in 1793. Ten years later it was abolished in Lower Canada. A third paper, only a little less directly international, is Mr. J. J. Stewart's "Early Journalism in Nova Scotia," a subject not without its attractions for our genealogists at least. Moreover, John Bushell, who founded the Halifax *Gazette* on March 23, 1752, was a printer from Boston, and our Bostonian Isaiah Thomas worked in the office of this journal, which was the first issued in the present Dominion, and, being continued to this day (*Royal Gazette*), is the oldest in America. No complete file exists. "King's College and Episcopate in Nova Scotia" and "Notes on the Early History of St. George's Church" complete the volume.

Mr. S. S. Rider, Providence, R. I., sends us the bound fifth volume of his *Book Notes*, a periodical having a very marked individuality, and consisting, as the editor-publisher says, of "literary gossip, criticisms of books, and local historical matters connected with Rhode Island." It is these local matters which ensure the preservation of *Book Notes*, and they are properly honored with an index which fills a page and a half. But, as our readers are aware, Mr. Rider not seldom touches topics unenumerated on his title-page, and especially our iniquitous tariff, which is, indeed, a "local matter," but only because no corner of the country can escape from it, and which deserves speedily to become "historical." We commend *Book Notes* to the class whom this description interests.

The *American Architect*, Boston, will award in June a travelling-scholarship of \$500, "open to architectural students, draughtsmen, and architects, between the ages of twenty and twenty-five years, in any part of the country, whether they be male or female, white, red, or black." A condition previous to the required examination (oral and written) is that the applicant must have had two years' practice in offices of members of the American Institute of Architects or the Western Association of Architects, or one year in the case of graduates from a technical school.

The *Belletristisches Journal* of this city, one of the oldest and in former days most influential of German-American weeklies, has passed under the editorial control of Dr. Julius Goebel, until recently of the Johns Hopkins University. The *Journal* will, as hitherto, maintain its politico-literary character, drawing equally from German-American and European sources. We notice, by the way, in its issue of January 17, an elaborate article from the Leipzig *Grenzboten* on "The United States in the light of the last Presidential Election," which, in spite of its pessimistic views as to our moral status, and its gratuitous anti-Semitic fling at the Belmonts, instructively belies its own thesis, that "European interest in the

political affairs of the United States is steadily decreasing."

Mr. R. H. Tilley, Newport, R. I., will publish his *American Genealogical Queries* for 1889 in April. It is a sort of clearing-house, in which advertisers notify each other and all readers of their wants.

The new monthly *Poet-Lore* (Philadelphia: Lippincott) is typographically well conceived and attractive. Dr. D. G. Brinton furnishes the leading paper, on "Facettes of Love; from Browning," and everything else is scrappy in comparison, Shakspeare dividing about equally with Browning.

The quality of "natural science" likely to be provided by the founder of a periodical called *Greeley*, may be inferred. Published not on the Plains but in Boston (Dorchester), Mass., on yellow paper and with yellow covers containing a full-length portrait of the late editor of the *Tribune*, this new venture is a curiosity.

Another queer Boston notion is the monthly *Collegian*, launched in the present month. It opens one more medium for ambitious undergraduate writers, and has a nebulous and non-committal programme. The editor himself writes of college journalism that "one cannot locate it antipodal to the secular press, certainly not above it, and yet not parallel."

The *Jurnal on American Orthoepy*, published at Ringos, N. J., by Dr. C. W. Larison, is not new, but it has a perennial freshness and capacity to amuse, both by its odd phonetic spelling and type, and by its contents. The editor tells a story very graphically, and he has in the January number a frank delineation of his grandfather. This humorist, who "lived in a da in which fitting woz fashunabul," finding it necessary, in one of his numerous encounters, to bite off his antagonist's ear, got up "chuwing it lustili. He yuzed tu lafingly sa: 'That iz the onli tim I ever tasted ro sous' [raw souse]."

Mr. J. H. Hickox's monthly "Catalogue of Government Publications" (900 M Street, Washington) has, by the compiler's persistence in combination with excellent performance, weathered its fourth year, and now enters with good prospects on its fifth volume. We may remind our readers, and all librarians, that it embraces all the current publications of the Government, and makes "separate entry of every paper or contribution contained in reports, bulletins, or serial publications of the Government." Each volume (of about 300 pp.) is indexed.

The seventh series of the Johns Hopkins University Studies opens with a sketch of Arthur Toynbee, by F. C. Montague, Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford, with an account of Toynbee Hall by the Chairman of the Council.

The *American Journal of Psychology* for November is strong in three leading articles on "Personal Equation," by E. C. Stanford; "Memory, Historically and Experimentally Considered," by W. H. Burnham; and "The Place for the Study of Language in a Curriculum of Education," by Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi.

Sun and Shade for January has an excellent variety of plates from very dissimilar sources, Mr. Jackson's view from nature of the cañon of the Rio Las Animas being at the front, in our estimation. Some of Mr. Muybridge's instantaneous views of horses in motion are instructively grouped with one of a horse race.

—In its issue for January 3, *Nature* has added to its series of "Scientific Worthies" a sketch of Professor Sylvester, whose fruitful activity at the Johns Hopkins University during the first seven years of its existence makes his career

of special interest to Americans. The biographical part of the article is brief and rather meagre, though, to be sure, little can be expected to be said concerning the mere outward events of a mathematician's life. Apart from the record of his successive positions and honors, the most interesting point mentioned is contained in the closing sentence: "Wherever Dr. Sylvester goes, there is sure to be mathematical activity; and the latest proof of this is the formation, during the last term at Oxford, of a Mathematical Society, which promises, we hear without surprise, to do much for the advancement of mathematical science there." It is pleasant to those who came within the sphere of his stimulating enthusiasm in America to be thus assured that, in his seventy-fifth year, his ardor and activity are as unimpaired as his mental powers. The sketch of Sylvester's mathematical writings is from the pen of his great comrade in mathematical arms, Professor Cayley. It covers four columns, of which nearly two are devoted to the papers which appeared in the *American Journal of Mathematics*. The bare record of mathematical achievements, of which the very names are symbols of mystery to the uninitiated, is enlivened by several illustrations of that "adornment or enthusiasm of language" which is so marked a peculiarity of Sylvester, sometimes launching him into mere extravagance, but often full of deep significance as well as of beauty. In his account of Sylvester's work during the years 1851-4, when the great structure of what is known as Modern Algebra was being built up, Cayley is, naturally enough, silent as to the overwhelming importance of his own share in that achievement; but one is all the more reminded of the complete absence of jealousy or rivalry between these two men, whose discoveries were then so treading upon one another's heels that it is difficult to trace the exact measure of credit due to each. The steel engraving which accompanies the article is an admirable portrait.

—The initial number of the *Library* (London: E. Stock) which takes the place of the *Library Chronicle* as the organ of the Library Association of the United Kingdom, recommends itself by its neat and pleasing typographical appearance, and offers a very attractive table of contents. The place of honor is occupied by Austin Dobson's paper, "A Forgotten Book of Travels," descriptive of C. P. Moritz's "Travels through England in 1782." It may be questioned, however, whether a book reprinted in popular form in 1886 ("Cassell's National Library," No. 46) can fairly be called *forgotten*. Mr. Blades contributes an interesting account of some very curious proposals made two centuries ago for the founding of public libraries in Great Britain. A. H. Bulen has a short article on W. J. Linton's "Appledore Private Press," near New Haven. H. R. Tedder's paper on the "Bibliography and Classification of French History" is chiefly devoted to a review of Mond's recently issued "Bibliographie de l'histoire de France," with a few words in illustration of the writer's own proposals for a bibliography of the printed sources of English history—proposals which it is to be hoped he may be enabled to carry into practical effect. "Theophrastus Junior" begins what promises to be a series of entertaining sketches, describing the characteristics of some of the more notable varieties of the species *Librarian*, the first place—"for indeed he considereth himself *facile princeps* in all things"—being given to the "Practical Librarian."

"Himself chooseth this name, and is proud when he is spoken of as a 'Jack-of-all

trades,' and observeth not that his flatterer thrusteth his tongue into his cheek and chortleth softly, as who should say 'and eke master of none.' He vaunteth himself above his fellows, and speaketh learnedly of buckram and of its virtues. The wares he deals in are the beggarly elements of books and things bookish; and if one should speak to him of the spiritual essence of books, or would fain have his opinion on a doubtful passage in Dan Chaucer, your practical librarian (God save the mark!) hath ever ready a pat quotation from an ancient author who ever loved a doubtful epigram—'The librarian who reads is lost.' His library is littered with cunning inventions, more apt to attract the wayward attention of a thoughtless student, and to amuse him by their ingenuity, than to tempt him to his book. Speak to this librarian of his catalogue, and he will presently wax eloquent on the importance of all cards being of the size prescribed by the 'Universal Emporium,' and he will straightway draw a fine metre from his pouch and triumphantly prove to you the orthodoxy of his. He disdaineth the old-fashioned ladders—fit emblems to the student of his upward path—and will peck at his topmost books with a sort of mechanic crane. The fair bindings be chipped and the goodly tomes fall about his long ears, but what of that? Is not the thing mechanic, which he misnames practical, and so also himself?

—a sketch which reads as if drawn from life, nor is this variety unknown in America. A brief notice of the recently issued report on the progress of the Bodleian Library from 1882 to 1887, if it does not damn with faint praise, certainly pays some rather equivocal compliments to the energy of the librarian. The remaining contents of the number comprise notices of new books, library notes and news, a record of bibliography and library literature, and a letter from Walter Besant, containing an appeal in behalf of the library of the People's Palace for gifts of books, which should find a hearty response from all interested in the good work which is being done in the East End of London.

—For 'The Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States in German, French, and English, in Parallel Columns' (Laidlaw Bros.), the claim, both false and absurd, is made that it is the first translation of these documents into French and German. They have, on the contrary, been translated into French scores of times, and frequently into German. Both documents were published in French in a volume entitled 'Constitutions des Treize États-Unis de l'Amérique, etc.' (Paris, 1792); and both, with many other documents in French, in a volume issued at "Nouvelle-Orléans" in 1810. The Declaration of Independence is translated into French, German, and Italian, and printed in English, in a volume (without date) probably printed in France during the Revolution. The Constitution is printed in German and English in a little volume called 'Der Deutsche in Amerika,' etc. (1851). These indications will suffice for our purpose. The present publication, nevertheless, has many valuable features. It is just the thing to put into the hands of a Frenchman or a German who wishes to understand our Government, or into those of an American who desires to familiarize himself with certain important words and phrases in German and French. The table of contents is very copious, and gives a complete skeleton of the Constitution, easy of reference. Best of all are the notes, which, though very brief, are clear, and embrace an outline of the constitutional organization from the time of the first colonies; they give the most important historical facts and dates in connection with the constitutional history, contrast the Constitution with the Articles of Confederation, and carefully explain the technical phrases and many of the clauses of the former.

—'Die Geschichte der Deutschen Universitäten' by George Kaufmann ('Erster Band: Vorgeschichte,' Stuttgart: Cotta, 1888. Pp. 442) is a work that will add much to the reputation of the well-known author of 'Deutsche Geschichte bis auf Karl den Grossen.' In the preface we are informed that he was induced to write this book by Dr. Von Goslar, Prussian Minister of Education, to whose cordial official support the author acknowledges his obligations. The volume before us is a general history of European universities down to the year 1500. As the mediaeval universities were the product and supporters of scholasticism, the author discusses the latter subject in detail in chapter i. (pp. 1-97). The early history of the universities of Italy, France, England, and Spain is carefully considered in chapters iii., iv., and v. The remaining chapters (ii. and vi.) are devoted to a discussion of the origin and development of universities in general. The history of the German universities in the Middle Ages will be taken up in volume ii. The list of authorities (pp. 430-442) forms a useful bibliography of the literature relating to mediaeval institutions of learning. In many important points the author differs with Denifle, though acknowledging the value of the latter's great work on 'Die Universitäten des Mittelalters bis 1400.' Dr. Kaufmann expects to publish two more volumes, concluding the whole work with "a critical view of the many schemes of university reform made since the days of Kant and Schleiermacher." The volume before us is dedicated to the University of Bologna, in honor of the latter's anniversary celebration. In this connection we may call attention to two excellent pamphlets, recently published, relating to the history of the University of Bologna: Leonhard's 'Die Universität Bologna im Mittelalter' (Leipzig: Veit, 1888), and Fitting's 'Die Anfänge der Rechtschule zu Bologna' (Berlin: Gutentag, 1888).

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS.

The Diary and Letters of Gouverneur Morris, Minister of the United States to France. Member of the Constitutional Convention, etc. Edited by Anne Cary Morris. 2 vols. With portraits. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1888.

THE publication of Gouverneur Morris's diary, substantially as he left it, is a literary event of no ordinary importance. We have had glimpses of it before—first in the pages of Sparks, where, however, the reader was not quite sure how far the outlines and colors of the picture were modified or obscured by the anxious care of the editor; and then in Mr. Theodore Roosevelt's short biography, which, from its brevity, could give us little more than occasional extracts. But now we have the diary itself in its integrity. The expurgations have been few and far between, and are only such as were absolutely necessary. The editor has added a running text of comment and explanation, and has very wisely allowed Morris to tell his own story, without attempting discussion or argument on controversial points. Of these, of course, there are a multitude, as especially the subject of Lafayette's career and Morris's relations with him.

The important thing in such matters is that we should get the whole story, and this we certainly do from one side. From first to last, from the time when in 1789 Morris makes this entry of a conversation with the French Commander-in-Chief—"I ask him if his troops will obey him. He says they will not mount guard when it rains, but he thinks they will readily follow him into action" (Vol. I. p. 156)—down to the

time when, after the unsatisfactory termination of their pecuniary relations, Morris sums up his character by saying: "There is no drawing the sound of a trumpet from a whistle," we see Lafayette as he appeared to Morris—a second-rate and rather dishonest man, attempting to play part much above him. This is not the usually accepted view of Lafayette's character, but it is the more important on that account, coming as it does from a man with Morris's opportunities of observation. One or two points the diary make quite clear: Morris at heart despised Lafayette, partly as a revolutionist, and partly as a phrasemonger. Lafayette found it difficult to get on with Morris because the latter was for ever trying to convince him how foolish all his opinions were.

Morris (who was of French extraction on his mother's side) went to Paris in 1789, at the age of thirty seven, to superintend some business affairs, and remained abroad some nine or ten years. He thus arrived just as the Revolution broke out. He lived in Paris through most of it, and, at its most stormy period, in 1792, was made American Minister. With undaunted courage he remained at his post, the only representative of a foreign government in the city; and his diary accordingly gives us a sort of photograph of the revolutionary period as it appeared to an exceptionally intelligent and well-equipped foreigner, who had the *entrée* of French society as few other foreigners have ever had. He was exceptionally well-equipped, for he had not only every advantage in the way of education, but had already taken a leading part in our Revolution and the formation of our government. What the French were doing, or thought they were doing, he had already seen done and helped to do. The friend of Hamilton, Washington, and Jay, he approached the subject of the French struggle for liberty with a thorough comprehension of the forces at work, and without illusions. So much has been published within the last thirty years about this period that it cannot be said that Morris's picture is absolutely novel. Through the researches of Taine and the publication of innumerable French memoirs, we have become familiar with a view which is more or less that of the diary. Thirty years ago the book would have created a profound sensation. The picture of the Revolution is wonderfully complete. The King, benevolent and irresolute, the victim, in a certain sense, of his own virtues; the Queen, detested and detesting, certain only to do the wrong thing; the nobles, urging on the pitiless revolution which was to swallow them up; the army, a hotbed of treason; the Tiers-Etat, in the name of liberty, steadily preparing despotism and a dictatorship—all these we get glimpses more or less picturesque, always clear and accurate, as the panorama unrolls itself. It is not Carlyle's hrid canvas, but a philosophical exhibition of a revolution by an observer who actually understands the mechanism of the disturbance much better than do most of those who think they are guiding it.

Morris's character appears very clearly in these volumes, and it is partly because of this that they are so entertaining. He is not one of the majestic shades of the Revolution who stalk through the pages of a plios biographer, an incarnation of the domestic virtues and public spirit, flawless even in the privacy of dressing-gown and slippers. On the contrary, he is a cheerful and somewhat cynical man of the world, seeing clearly what is going on about him, and with a good gift for putting down in black and white what he sees. Skeptical by disposition and habit, this half-English, half-American gentleman cuts rather an odd figure.

in the midst of the enthusiasts of the French Revolution, pointing out to this patriot that they are all going, as Carlyle would say, to "the mother of dead dogs," and to the other that his scheme of reform is utterly insane and worthless; preserving through all the dangers and horrors of the time a constant cheerfulness and a power of sympathy which enables him to effect the difficult combination of the rôle of a prophet of evil with that of a popular favorite.

Morris may be said to have been English in his convictions and French in his sympathies. He liked the society of Paris, enjoyed its brightness and charm. It is evident that he enjoyed his mastery of a language which gifted him with new powers for the exhibition of his own cleverness. If there was one thing that he liked better than to write doubtfully poetical English verses in the taste of the period, it was to turn a neat phrase in French. He was very fond of women's society, to judge by the amount of his time it took up, though he himself professes great indifference; and where were to be found more charming women than in Paris? But Morris as an observer was never diverted from the truth by his likes. This interesting people, he felt, were children in the art of government, and consequently immeasurably below the race to which he belonged. Contempt, mingled with pity and sympathy, was what he really felt at the bottom of his heart for his charming and witty entertainers. In 1790 he gives an account of the Assembly and its deliberative methods which is inimitable, and which is scarcely an exaggeration of what may still be witnessed in the French House:

"They discuss nothing," he says, "in the Assembly. One large half of the time is spent in hollowing and bawling—their manner of speaking. Those who intend to speak write their names on a tablet, and are heard in the order that their names are written down, if the others will hear them, which they often refuse to do, keeping up a continual uproar till the orator leaves the pulpit. Each man permitted to speak delivers the result of his lucubrations, so that the opposing parties fire off their cartridges, and it is a million to one if their missile arguments happen to meet."

He then goes on to speak of the custom of reading these speeches beforehand to a small society of young men and women—"generally the fair friend of the speaker is one"—who of course give their approval. "Do not suppose," he adds, conscious that this method of preparing for a critical political debate will hardly be intelligible to his correspondent (Washington), "I am playing the traveller. I have assisted at some of these readings." He gives an account of one at Mme. de Staél's where

"the Comte de Clermont-Tonnerre (one of their greatest orators) read to us a very pathetic oration, the object of which was to show that, as penalties are the legal compensation for injuries and crimes, the man who is hanged, having by that event paid his debt to society, ought not to be held in dishonor; and in like manner he who has been condemned for seven years to be flogged in the galleys should, when he had served out his apprenticeship, be received again into good company as if nothing had happened."

This particular oration was never delivered, it seems, because Morris was at the pains to explain to the company that, notwithstanding the eloquence of the oration, its principles were not very solid. "Universal surprise. A few remarks changed the face of things. The position was universally condemned and he left the room." But Morris insists that Clermont-Tonnerre's speech was "of the kind which produces a decree by acclamation" (*there being no Morris present to refute*), and adds,

"For sometimes an orator gets up in the midst of another deliberation, makes a fine discourse, and closes with a good snug resolution which is carried with a huzza. Thus, in considering a plan for a national bank proposed by M. Necker, one of them took it into his head to move that every member should give his silver buckles, which was agreed to at once, and the honorable member laid his upon the table, after which the business went on agin" (Vol. i. pp. 278-9.)

But this contempt was an attitude of the mind. Morris's sympathies were all with the people whom he so mercilessly ridicules.

The diary is a perfectly matter-of-fact record of events, such as it can hardly be supposed Morris ever could have contemplated publishing exactly as it stood. This by no means detracts from its value. The omissions made by the present editor have been slight and unimportant. Some day, perhaps, the diary will be published *verbatim*, but we certainly have the substance of it now, and, to take a single instance, it could only be a prurient curiosity that would desire to know more of Morris's relations with Mme. de Flahaut than we have here given. This whole *affaire de cœur* adds greatly to the personal interest of the book. Morris, cynic that he was, always represents himself as raised by reason or indifference above the influence of the tender passion; he even uses some such expression as that of having a "vast fund of indifference" to the attractions of women. Yet here, in the privacy of his diary, whom do we find to be the person round whom it revolves? Whose name is inscribed on every other page, whose conversation is given at length, with whom do we continually have tête-à-têtes? Whose fortunes do we follow with the same keen interest that we feel for those of the heroine of a romance? Whose views and conversations are always sensible, whose situation always touching? Mme. de Flahaut, as the story progresses, gains our warm regard and sympathy; her father-confessor, the Bishop of Autun, who is always sure to be in the way whenever Morris makes a call, who is always in the wrong whenever he attempts to advise or act, serves as a foil for Morris's own cleverness. Morris had undoubtedly a "vast fund of indifference" for the Bishop, and the figure the latter cuts in these pages is such that it really requires a footnote to remind us that he is no other than the celebrated Talleyrand. A dull fellow—we cannot help thinking—a much overrated man. He seems to be sitting in the corner, blinking in his sacerdotal way at Mme. de Flahaut, while his witty rival is scintillating on the other side, or listening with sympathetic interest to the husband's lamentation over the immorality of the times and the wrongs of married men. The whole picture is perfect. We can only wonder whether Talleyrand has left behind him in his yet unpublished memoirs as amusing a caricature of Morris as Morris has left us of the Bishop.

Morris's remarks on the condition of France during the Revolution and his prophecies with regard to the future, with which the diary abounds, are full of interest. Though not blind to the economical benefits to be derived from the Revolution, he was entirely skeptical as to political results, and foresaw almost from the beginning that the convulsion would end in a despotism, though the kind of despotism he anticipated was not quite that which the Revolution actually produced. Coming from a country of simple habits, and in which the struggle for freedom had brought out the best qualities of both people and leaders, he was shocked to find the operation of cause and effect reversed in France, and liberty produce the wildest excesses of vice, folly, and crime;

and this, combined with his strong race instinct that the Revolution, from the very fact that it was French, was in bad hands, made him always a prophet of evil. In detail, his prophecies were as remarkable for their number as for anything else. He seems to have thought originally that the despot was to be in the end some one representing the royal or aristocratic party; he was entirely wrong in his predictions of disaster to the French armies. As to the assignats and other devices of French finance, he was always right, owing, not to any special gift for prophecy, but to his having had a thorough economical education and an unusually clear mind. He probably did astonish the French society in which he was living by his power of prevision, because he was particularly skilled in a matter of which they knew little or nothing—the application of common sense to public affairs.

As a diplomatist, Morris's career was striking. At a time when, as we have said, the representatives of other powers all abandoned their posts, he remained at the French capital, surrounded by dangers to which most of his friends thought it needless that he should expose himself. Had the Government or the people of Paris known his real sentiments about the Revolution, or got wind of his attempt to save the unhappy King, he would probably not have escaped alive; but Morris, in dealing with Frenchmen, whether at a dinner-table or in the midst of a domiciliary visit, was gifted with an extraordinary tact which never deserted him. Whenever he came into collision with the authorities he always managed to come off triumphant, and generally to extract an apology from them. In fact, it may be said of him in a certain sense that he was more successful in France than in his own country; for his career after his recall and return to America was a little that of a statesman *en décadence*, though this was also due to the fallen fortunes of his party, and the rise of the new Democracy led by Jefferson. The Federalists, though they laid the foundation of the Constitution, and of America as we know it, were, after all, in feeling and tradition English country-gentlemen, and felt towards the new party very much as people with property to lose now feel towards anarchists, communists, and dynamiters—or even more strongly, because its leaders were educated men, their own acquaintances and quondam friends. But Morris's period of true glory was in France, when, as a private citizen, he took an active part in the opening of the great drama of the Revolution; when, respected and trusted by all parties, he was consulted to-day by the King's friends, the next by Lafayette, again by Sieyès or Necker; when, in the midst of the gayest and brightest society of his time, he was courted and flattered by the leaders, and envied by the multitude; when he was photographing the scenes of the Revolution for posterity in his diary, and explaining with the utmost clearness to audiences astonished at his profundity and foresight, how it must surely produce disaster and sorrow—and when, it should be added, he was never weary of relieving disaster and sorrow. No foreigner in a great capital at a critical period ever played a more interesting and at the same time more creditable part.

Outside of society and politics, Morris appears to have had few interests. His diary is singularly barren of references to literature or art. In this respect he was essentially an American of his time. He differed from most other Americans of his time in being thoroughly at home in Europe. He was a complete man of the world; and, distinguished as was the part he played in American politics (on which these

volumes throw no especially new light; what he is most likely to be permanently remembered by is his curious record of his life in Paris. From a thousand other sources we know now, what we might have doubted a generation ago, that it is true to life, an invaluable memorial of the stormy dawn of republican government in Europe, an exact picture of the times, with just enough biographical interest to lend an added zest. It is not, to be sure, a flattered picture. But the very contempt with which this newly arrived American philosopher watches the struggles and intrigues of the French politicians is based on profound differences of national character and habits, which more or less justify the feeling they inspire. In reading Morris's pages, what we feel to be most strange is that the French Revolution did not turn everybody into a Conservative.

It must be remembered that in getting an impression of Morris's character from his diary we are not seeing him in the most favorable light. He scorned to make himself out better than he was, and, being of a cynical turn, there is a tone of hardness and calculated self-interest in these pages which, as we read, we feel is a little assumed. Mr. Sparks's biography has the merit of letting us see, not merely how Morris looked to himself, but how he appeared to other people; and one of the best things in it is an analysis of his character drawn by a French lady whom he had protected from some of the horrors of the Revolution—Mme. de Damas, if we remember right. This, while it lays bare several blemishes, sums up the other side with a warm encomium such as the reader hardly expects, and which certainly few of the rivals and contemporaries of his social heyday in Paris ever had said of them—"He is good." It was no doubt in accordance with the bent of his disposition that the world should find him always clever, but that his friends should know him to be something more.

TWO GLOBE TROTTERS.

People and Countries Visited in a Winding Journey Around the World. By O. W. Wight, A.M., M.D. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1888.

Aalesund to Tetuan: A Journey. By Charles R. Corning. Boston: Cupples & Hurd. 1888.

HERE are two large, handsome, well-printed books; but why they were published, unless simply to gratify the vanity of their authors, is hard to imagine. Surely, the publishers could not have expected to make a profit from them, and the profit to the reader will be even less. Mr. Corning's book is by far the better and more amusing of the two. He goes over well-known ground—France, Italy, Spain, Norway, and Russia; but he tried to see things thoroughly, and his impressions are evidently genuine. Occasionally there are remarks that are clever, as where, referring to Monte Carlo, of which he gives a good description, he says:

"You may pass the remaining hours of your stay in the innocent pleasures of the orchestra, in the reading-room, or in sauntering through the perfumed gardens, where virtue and sin meet face to face, only to disappear among the winding walks."

Or again :

"Each nation carries its gods to Nice, so that the pleasures of exile may not be embittered by the pangs of forgotten necessities. Vodka and prime cocktails may be had, and the red pyramids of Bass adorn cafés and grocery shops. Nice is a fertile field for missionary work; but neither during my stay, nor since, have I heard of its vigorous prosecution.

The trouble seems to be that the climate and the surroundings are opposed to attempts tending to hard work of any but a secular kind."

His account of Russia is better and more accurate than in most books of the kind. Its chief defect—although the author has evidently fought against it—is generalizing too hastily from insufficient observation.

This defect is, if one may so speak, the chief quality of Mr. Wight's "Winding Journey Around the World," made in order to observe every country in which an Aryan people has established civil government." He was assisted, as he boasts, by his previous profound studies in history and philosophy; his book is indeed rich in long quotations, but his historical statements are of the kind found in every guide-book, and his statistics are those of the contemporary newspaper. In order to study Aryan civilization, the author left New York early in the spring of 1887, and by the first of September had seen Germany, Italy, Greece, Turkey, European and Asiatic Russia, Norway and Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, France, and Switzerland. It looks very much as if he had used a Cook's ticket. Hungary is not entirely an Aryan country; but why should Austria, Spain, and Portugal be omitted from his studies of life on the spot, from his "pursuit of such vital knowledge," from his effort to "observe at once people and country in their intimate relations"? In these three or four months he had made such close, though necessarily rapid, observations, and had acquired such a fund of political knowledge, as to enable him to speak decisively and with the authority of a master on the present and future of Europe. As his steamer only touched at Corfu for an hour, he says: "I had no time to explore the island and seek out its many points of beautiful view. Somehow I preferred to gaze in imagination on the dark stream of Time flowing swiftly past, freighted with the débris of three thousand years of human history." And yet he is able to write half a dozen pages on the island. The Austrian Lloyd steamers stop for a few hours at the Piraeus on their way to Constantinople, and thus Mr. Wight was able, like many others, to pay a flying visit to the Acropolis. "I did not stop a moment to look at the modern city of Athens. . . . It [the Acropolis] was the only thing at Athens that I cared to see." Of course, there was no time for the interesting Byzantine churches, for the Temple of Theseus and other classical remains, for the tombs at the Ceramicus, for the splendid Museum of Sculpture, for the Tanagra statuettes, or the antiquities from Mycenæ—which may not indeed have been Aryan—even had Mr. Wight ever heard of these objects of interest. And yet he was able to study the character of the modern Greeks so deeply as to say:

"The living Greeks are only a hopeless reminiscence of their great ancestors. They talk politics very bravely in the coffee-houses, but are not very dangerous except as highwaymen. . . . There are people of worth and culture among the modern Greeks, but they are exceptions to the rule. The Greeks of Athens to-day are no more like the Greeks in the time of Themistocles and Pericles than gray night is like the sunny day. The people are changed quite as much as the city itself."

He was able, too, to write a good, long chapter about Greece, with the help, it is true, of a nine-page quotation from Curtius.

In Russia the author's hasty trip through the Caucasus and thence to Moscow and St. Petersburg enabled him fully to understand the present position of that country, and to refute, to his own satisfaction, Mr. Kennan's statements about the working of the exile system in Siberia. It is surprising, however, to hear him say,

"Of the one hundred and fifty bridges that span the Neva, unite the islands, and cross the canals, only two are permanent, all the rest are built on pontoons and are removable in winter." He evidently misread and mistranslated his German Baedeker, to which those who wish to know the real state of the case are referred. In point of fact, all the bridges of St. Petersburg are permanent, except two of those across the Neva. A page, however, would be too small for a catalogue of incorrect statements, misspellings, even if they are kindly called misprints—to say nothing of the incorrect use of language.

Leaving England on September 1, the author sailed straight for Australia, which he reached in forty-eight days. Passing by India without stopping, although that was one of the early homes of the Aryan race, he landed at Sydney, took a flying trip by railway to Melbourne, sailed from Sydney to San Francisco, touching at Auckland in New Zealand—and this book is the result. The best part of it is the beginning, where there is an account of some earlier journeys, during which Mr. Wight met Sir William Hamilton, M. Cousin, De Quincey, Carlyle, Mama Mohr, and a number of other interesting people, but even about them he does not say much that is entertaining, for somehow he seems not to have belonged to their set, but appears as an outsider. In spite of his intimacy with Sir William Hamilton's family, he seems to think that he was succeeded by his son Hubert, who was not the eldest son, but whom he apparently happened to meet. He tells us what he said to Carlyle at some length, but he does not repeat what Carlyle said to him. He tells, too, how he had "occasion to sharply rebuke" the American Minister at Rome, Mr. Cass, "for supercilious treatment of distinguished people from his own country"; the fact being that on some occasion, when the author was dining with a lady in the company of Mr. Lowell, Mr. Cass sent up his card, and, finding them at dinner, went away without entering, although the lady of the house had left the table to give him a proper reception in the drawing room, "and soon returned in a state of high indignation."

MORE STATE HISTORIES.

A History of Ohio, with Biographical Sketches of the Governors, and the Ordinance of 1787. By Daniel J. Ryan. Columbus, O.: A. H. Smythe. 1888. 12mo, 210 pp.

Ohio: First Fruits of the Ordinance of 1787. By Rufus King. [American Commonwealths Series.] Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1888.

Indiana: A Redemption from Slavery. By J. P. Dunn, Jr. [American Commonwealths Series.] Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1888. 12mo.

MR. RYAN'S rather flimsy performance was made under the inspiriting influence of Ohio's centennial. It opens with the discovery of Ohio by LaSalle in 1609, and brings the connected history of the State down to the close of the late war in 1865, and the sketches of the Governors (in the Appendix) to the present day, that is, to Joseph B. Foraker. The last sixteen pages are a reprint of the Ordinance of 1787. Historical events of the earlier days are treated from the Federalist and Whig standpoint, those of later date from the point of view of a most ardent Free-soiler and Republican. The heroes of the book are Arthur St. Clair, the first Territorial, and Dr. Edward Tiffin, the first State Governor.

The growth of Ohio during the first forty years of her statehood is extraordinary. Ad-

mitted in 1802, the State in 1820 was the sixth in rank, becoming the fifth by the detachment of Maine from Massachusetts, and in 1840 the third, a place which she still maintains. The rapid growth after 1825 is ascribed mainly to the long lines of canal which were begun in that year, connecting the Ohio River at two points with Lake Erie, and costing the State nearly sixteen million dollars for a mileage of six hundred and ninety-seven miles owned by the State, besides the Muskingum slack-water improvement of ninety-one miles controlled by the United States. Hence our author bestows his highest praises upon Ethan Allen Brown, the legislator and Governor who, following the lead of DeWitt Clinton in New York, carried the canal scheme first over all opposition in the Legislature, and next through all the financial difficulties with which it had to struggle. To raise sixteen millions of dollars was no easy task.

"The establishment of the school system of Ohio was contemporaneous with that of the canals. Neither could have been accomplished without the other. The opposition to both was widespread and aggressive, but the friends of the respective measures associated their interests and thereby succeeded" (p. 105). The first working school law was passed in 1825. "In 1866 the total expenditure for common-school purposes was \$10,121,897, an amount greater than in any other State in the Union, excepting New York and Illinois."

These facts are not surprising to any reader. But, in view of the high-strung notions of humanity that have prevailed in Ohio for the last forty years and more, many may read with a little astonishment of Ohio's early days:

"The criminal legislation of St. Clair and the judges was very severe in its penalties. But the primitive condition of the people and the absolute necessity of totally suppressing crime made it imperative that no mercy should be shown to lawbreakers. The whipping post was made a standing institution at every county seat, and was inaugurated as early as 1788. In 1792 the judges passed a law directing the building of a county jail, court-house, pillory, whipping-post, and stocks in every county. . . . The law of August 15th, 1795, provides for servitude for debt, not exceeding seven years, at the demand of the creditor" (p. 49).

And those who are wont to look upon Ohio as a model of loyalty to the Federal Union will be surprised to read this resolution, which the General Assembly passed in 1820, in its contest over the United States Bank. The State had in the preceding year tried to destroy the branches of the bank set up in Ohio, by a hostile tax of \$50,000 on each. The United Circuit Court enjoined its collection (Bank of the United States vs. Osborne); the injunction was disobeyed, and the Court sent the State officers to prison for contempt. The General Assembly then resolved:

"That in respect to the powers of the governments of the several States that compose the American Union, and the powers of the Federal Government, this Assembly do recognize and approve the doctrines asserted by the Legislatures of Kentucky and Virginia, in the resolutions of November and December, 1798, and January, 1800, and do consider that their principles have been recognized and adopted by a majority of the American people."

The Miami convention of Whigs held at Dayton in September, 1840, in the heat of the Harrison campaign, is described as the largest political meeting ever held in the country. "The multitude covered ten acres by actual measurement, and at no time were more than two-thirds of the people on the ground. While General Harrison was speaking, the ground upon which the crowd stood was measured by three different engineers; the three estimates

numbered the audience at 77,600, 75,000, and 80,000 respectively."

A pretty full account is given of the clever game of the eight Free-soilers in the Legislature of 1848-1849 who, under the lead of Morse and Townsend—one of Whig, the other of Democratic antecedents—used their balance of power so as to elect S. P. Chase to the United States Senate, and to obtain a repeal (in part, at least) of the Black Laws. Our author is mistaken when he says that there was a total repeal, putting the negro on an equality before the law with the white man. Nothing is said of the hard times from 1837 to 1843, about the failure of the Miami Exporting Company and other banks; in fact, there is not a word as to finance or banking. The writer is also silent about the temperance and no-license movements, which have played such a large part in the history of Ohio, and about the Germans in the State, the great foes of prohibition. The war period is disposed of in twelve pages, dealing largely with Vallandigham's disloyal work, his arrest, expulsion, and political defeat.

The introductory chapter of Mr. King's "Ohio" closes with these words: "As a centenary memoir, its purpose is to set forth the foundations of the State, rather than its full growth." Indeed, the history stops short at the close of the civil war, and of its 400 pages no less than 294 lead up to the admission of Ohio into the Union. From a literary standpoint, it is superior to the other centenary books on Ohio or the Northwest that have come before us; in fact, Mr. King may be called, not a mere book-maker, but an author.

He has his own views on some historic points. Thus, he ignores the English colonial charter as having any bearing on the title to the Northwest. The Kings of England had no lands beyond the Alleghenies to give away, either to the Virginia Company or to the Duke of York, or to the Massachusetts and Connecticut colonists. Setting aside all consideration of the rights of the native savage, the first European power that explored the Northwest was France, not England. The French posts extended as far east as Fort Duquesne, as far west as Kaskaskia, and their possession of these points was fully acquiesced in by the English to the very day when the seven years' war broke out. In fact, the correspondence about the hostile intentions of the British Government against Fort Duquesne seems to have led to that war; and in that correspondence the British Court did not insist on those claims to hold the territory south of the lakes from sea to sea which its revolted colonies afterwards set up against each other under their musty charters. The first real claim which the King of England had to the lands northwest of the Ohio River grew out of his victory over the King of France in the seven years' war, and the consequent cession in the Treaty of Paris; that is, he acquired Ohio and Indiana by the same title by which he held Quebec. The rights of France west of the Mississippi were recognized, and with them the futility of the "sea to sea" clauses in the colonial charters of the seventeenth century.

Our author follows the "British Conquest" with a chapter, "Annexed to Quebec." In this he says: "As the ceded territory embraced what is now the State of Ohio, this consequently passed to the Crown, in the same full right and dominion as the King of France had held it at the beginning of the war" (p. 83). "From this it results that the present territory of Ohio, in common with all the reservation thus made by the Crown to its own immediate dominion, has its proprietary and political basis exclusively in the Treaty of Paris and

the King's proclamation of 1763." The British Parliament took the same view when, on the 22d of June, 1774, it passed an act "making more effectual provision for the government of the Province of Quebec," by which the whole country west of the Pennsylvania line and north of the Ohio was made part of the province of Quebec. To the men of the Revolution, this view was very distasteful, as it narrowed quite materially the limits of the country for which they sought independence; and the American title to the Northwest, at last, rests on the victorious march of George Rogers Clark and the skilful diplomacy of Benjamin Franklin.

We find here, as in all histories of Ohio or of the Northwest, an account of the King's proclamation of 1763, prohibiting the sale of or settlement on any western lands—that is, of any lands lying beyond the headwaters of rivers flowing into the Atlantic; the formation of land companies seeking to evade this decree; the Fort Stanwix treaty of 1768 with the Iroquois or Six Nations; Clark's attempt at an expedition against Detroit; and some mention of the few and slight skirmishes which were fought on Ohio soil during the Revolutionary war. But what we have not seen in any of the centenary histories is a pretty full account of the Moravian missions (pp. 119-160). "The villages planted by the Moravian missionaries on the banks of the Tuscarawas river in 1772 are fairly entitled to rank as the first settlements of Ohio." Going back to the "Unitas fratum" which arose in Bohemia and Moravia during the Hussite wars, Mr. King traces it down to the days when Count Zinzendorf, on General Oglethorpe's invitation, led a band of missionaries to Georgia, whence they went, to escape the hateful duties of war, to Pennsylvania; and among these refugees was David Zeisberger, the future head of the Ohio missions at Gnadenhütten and Schönbrunn, the former being so named after an older station of the same name on the Lehigh, as this in turn had its older namesake ("huts of grace") in Germany. Zeisberger, his younger coadjutor Heckewelder, and his zealous and ill-fated Indian disciple, Glickhican, are the heroes of the most interesting chapter of our book. The story is sad. After eight years of peaceful progress, the "praying" Indians were forcibly removed by English officers and their savage allies to Upper Sandusky; in the following winter, driven by hunger, Glickhican, with a hundred or more men, women, and children, returned to their abandoned cornfields on the Tuscarawas, where David Williamson's roving band of Americans pounced upon them, and, by a vote of seventy-two to eighteen, decreed their death. They were murdered, and their bodies burned in two houses, where in 1798 Heckewelder found their charred remains, which he brought to Christian burial. The chapter thus closes: "That these missions, though not enduring, were none the less the primordial establishment of Ohio, is as true as that Plymouth was the beginning of Massachusetts. . . . The Moravians may justly be remembered and honored as the Pilgrims of Ohio."

In the next chapter, "The Northwestern Territory," we find the well-known discussion among Virginia and the other States concerning the western lands, which our author has already decided against the Mother of States by his denial of any title in the British King before the Treaty of Paris. The cessions of New York, Connecticut, Massachusetts, and Virginia, the ineffectual Ordinance of 1784, and the great Ordinance of June 13, 1787, follow in due order. While full of admiration for this latter instrument, which in importance has

shown itself only second to the national Constitution, our author is not blind to one of its demerits. It conferred too much power on the Governor, who, by his absolute veto, became a third branch of the Assembly; St. Clair's stubborn exercise of his powers disgusted the people of Ohio so much with anything like a strong executive that, in framing a constitution, they gave the Governor nothing at all to do, except, to use the words of a witty Whig of later days, to appoint notaries public and to pardon Democrats out of the penitentiary.

"Briefly stated, it was a government which had no executive, a half-starved, short-lived judiciary, and a lopsided legislature. This department, overburdened with the appointing power which had been taken away from the executive, became so much depraved in the traffic of offices that, in an assembly where there was a tie vote between the Democrats and the Whigs, two 'Free Soilers' held the balance of power, and were permitted to choose a United States Senator [S. P. Chase], in consideration of giving their votes, for every other appointment, to the party which aided them in this supreme exploit of jobbery" (p. 291).

The chapter "Progress" treats in a general way of the growth of Ohio in population, wealth, schools, libraries, churches, etc., between 1820 and our own time. There is no chronologic statement of changes in the government, of the ups and downs of parties, or of the rise and fall of statesmen. "Ohio in the War for the Union" is the last chapter; its hero is John Brough, the War Governor, who beat Vallandigham by 101,000 votes, and took the lead in the conference of five northwestern States in April, 1884, which resulted in the raising of 85,000 men for a service of one hundred days. The forty regiments and one battalion raised in Ohio for this temporary purpose were got ready in sixteen days. "The service performed by these regiments was not nominal." A short appendix follows the 400 pages of history. The subject of its last number is rather unlooked for and sad—wifial, "The Grape, and its Gradual Failure in Ohio."

In a volume on Indiana, in a series of State histories, one naturally expects to find information concerning the political conditions under which such famous Indianians as Julian, Morton, Colfax, Hendricks, and Harrison prepared for and pursued their political careers. Yet this book ends with Indiana's Territorial existence; the history of the State is left untouched. It therefore seems proper to inquire, By what right has author or publisher included this volume in the "Commonwealths Series?" for if its full title does not deceive the purchaser with promises which the book does not fulfil, its classification does. This offence is aggravated by the inexcusable verbosity and extended quotation that occupy in its 450 pages the space that should have been given to, at least, an adequate outline of the political history of the State. One long chapter is almost entirely devoted to the exploits of George Rogers Clark in the Northwest Territory, though the story of Clark's unique expedition has frequently been told, and never better than by the hero himself in an account written at the request of Jefferson and Madison.

Although Mr. Dunn has failed in some important respects, he has been remarkably successful in others. Certain phases of the lives of the French pioneers seem to have had especial attraction for him, and he has described them with rare grace. After two unattractive chapters on early explorations and French posts, he surprises us with a vivid description of the first white residents of Indiana—the *coureurs de bois*. Under this title were included those Frenchmen who lived neither in a

village nor at a post. Frequently they were of the best families. Revolting against the rigid piety then prevalent at Quebec and Montreal, they went to the other extreme amid the wildest surroundings. They became as reckless as the aborigines, to whom they sold brandy while borrowing their libertinism. "They discarded clothing entirely, and not only roamed the forests and went among the Indians in this airy mode, but also appeared in the settlements without addition to their raiment." The contrast between the French settlers and the American immigrants is forcibly drawn:

"The French were vivacious, noisy, and spendthrift; the Americans serious, taciturn, and thrifty. The past misfortunes of the French begot new ones. . . . They had not the patience to clear away forests. The Americans relied on agriculture. They came into the wilderness to open farms, and they pursued their purpose patiently and systematically. Men, women, and children drudged and saved, while their French neighbors gossiped and danced."

But the most prominent feature of the book, as is indicated by its sub-title, is the history of slavery in the Northwest Territory, and particularly in Indiana. The treatment of this subject is painstaking, skilful, and almost exhaustive, and gives the book its chief value. The earliest records of the French settlers show that slavery existed among them. For many years Indian slaves, known as *pains*, were the more common in the Northwest Territory, while farther south negro slaves were the more numerous. In 1787 slavery everywhere met with strong theoretical opposition. As it had never been very widely or profitably established northwest of the Ohio, the opposition to it there early took an aggressive form. Furthermore, the settlers and land owners south of that river saw that the exclusion of slavery from the Northwest Territory would lessen the supply of those articles which were essentially the product of slave labor, and thus improve the market for them; that it would hasten the settlement of the new territory by a hardy people who would ward off the savages; and at the same time it would secure to the Southern territory all the pro-slavery settlers. This was the secret of the all but unanimous vote in favor of the Ordinance of 1787, with its anti-slavery provisions.

There is a popular belief that this Ordinance ended slavery in the Northwest Territory, but it did not. There was a clause in it guaranteeing to the French and Canadians who had already professed themselves citizens of Virginia, "their laws and customs now in force among them relative to the descent and conveyance of property." The better opinion at the time was that this protected the slave property then in the Territory. Certain it is that slavery retained a foothold and a fighting chance. Almost immediately those who were anxious to have the Territory rapidly settled, and all of those who were interested in slavery, began a vigorous movement to open the Territory to the importation of slaves for a term of years, with gradual emancipation thereafter. They claimed that the anti-slavery clause of the Ordinance unjustly interfered with vested rights, and that the scarcity and high price of free labor rendered agriculture unprofitable.

After repeated efforts along this line had failed, the pro-slavery party undertook to gain by craft a position which they had been unable to carry by assault. In this attempt they were for a time largely successful. In 1803 and 1805 they obtained indenture laws which permitted the importation of slaves and the retention of them as such for two months; thereafter they might be held in qualified slavery for a term of

years, and also their offspring up to a certain age. These laws, together with the provisions for their successful execution, constituted a most soulless "Black Code." Despite the increase in numbers and sentiment opposed to slavery, the slaves also increased so rapidly that there was need of a bitter struggle before the party of freedom gained the upper hand. In 1816 slavery in Indiana received its death-blow in the adoption of a Constitution that forever prohibited it. And at this point, where the Commonwealth begins, the volume ends.

The book gives us several charming pictures of the every day political life in the Northwest Territory, and sketches the careers of some of the leading politicians. Although Mr. Dunn devotes only a few pages here and there to William Henry Harrison, the parts, when put together, give one a more judicious conception of the man than is to be found elsewhere. He was a political pioneer, clever but honorable, a leader both brave and crafty, a "Virginia aristocrat" and pro-slavery in his ideas, but in his ordinary relations kind, upright, and admirable.

Madame Chrysanthème. By Pierre Loti. Translated by Laura Eason. Paris: Edouard Guillaume et Cie., 1888.

It has often been said, somewhat cynically perhaps, that the exuberant admiration which appears in most of the books upon Japan is in some sense a bid for favor from the powers that be. To this end the beauties and graces of the flowery land are greatly dwelt upon, while ugly and repulsive features are discreetly hurried out of sight, or glibly explained and palliated. Whatever its other faults, this cannot be charged upon "Madame Chrysanthème." The writer, in his quality of French naval officer, arrives at Nagasaki, ready to be enchanted, but finds the city at first sight like any other seaport or commonplace town, with its mass of masts, steamboats, and quays, and he remarks pertinently (page 16): "Some day, when man shall have made all things alike, the earth will be a dull, tedious dwelling place, and we shall have even to give up travelling and seeking for a change which shall no longer be found." His first landing, in a dismal downpour of tropical rain, strikes at once the keynote of his whole disillusioning experience. He announces in the first page his intention to marry immediately for the period of his stay—perhaps three or four months—and his first errand is to find a certain "matrimonial agent." At length he procures a seemly bride, and the nuptials are celebrated with much dignity and assembling of relatives, giving thereby a curious air of righteousness to the whole farcical proceeding. Indeed, this world-worn hero writes of his "marriage" with engaging frankness and innocence, and, except in this one naughty but central incident, the book is proper enough; and at all events, it is written from an interior and domestic standpoint which other and more serious writers have perhaps been unable to attain.

But, after all, he is not happy in his country-house, "almost opening upon the woods." His Chrysanthème, while she seems to have all the dainty attractiveness of her race and sex, still fails to arouse his real attachment. With unavailing regret he recalls a particular Turkish ex-wife of his, who once diffused a rosy mist of romance over all Stamboul, and compares her bitterly to his "doll" in this Nagasaki suburb. The characteristic noises of Japan greatly impress him—the continual hum of the cicadas, forming the inevitable undercurrent and accompaniment of all its summer life; the

noisy slamming of shutters at night; and the endless rapping of the little pipes against the *tabakabon*, as the various fair smokers through the house knock out the thimbleful of ashes to begin afresh, making an incessant *pan, pan, pan*. One expressive illustration represents this irritating little custom in a wonderfully fine perspective of sound, if one may so speak. Another bit, with only a few tree-branches in the rain, conveys a whole tropical storm—a typhoon of vast possibilities.

The wealth of charming illustration is most perfectly representative of Japan as seen by an artist's eye. The decorative part of the book is superb. The artists, Rossi and Myrbach, have caught and retained the spirit of Japan and its inner life to a most unusual degree. The great difference between the faces of the young and the old women, which so impresses the foreigner but is generally lost in attempted reproduction, is here entirely preserved; and the illustrations come always close to the letter-press description, thus adding immensely to the pleasure of reading, without formal reference to cuts. Similarly the "remarques"—a cicala, a bronze stork-candlestick, a jug, a grotesque inkstand—are delightfully fascinating. The text, indeed, even with the aid of the translator's exquisite English, seems hardly worthy its beautiful and sumptuous setting.

The book is not bad enough to be exciting, nor good enough to be an entirely true picture, nor yet happy enough to be satisfying. Its tone is quite without sentiment or lofty feeling of any sort, and it is written apparently from a standpoint of criticism and actual dislike. Even the humor is dreary. The short chapters are alluring, but the writer's estimate of Japan may be summed up in one sentence (page 242), of which the whole book is a more or less elaborate amplification: "Little, finical, affected—all Japan is contained, both physically and morally, in these three words." Just before his final departure this supposedly merry Frenchman undertakes to sketch his room as a souvenir; but although each article is shown in its correct place, and he can find no fault with his drawing, something is lacking. "It has an ordinary, indifferent French look," he says; "the sentiment is not given"—which, while undoubtedly true of his sketch, is truer still of his book. The soul, the aroma of Japan, is lost, or missed in some way, and, spite of pleasant and easy reading, the reader is left unfilled. Chrysanthème herself, in whom the author fails to find attraction, sentiment, or poetic grace (except, perchance, in the nape of her neck, which almost arouses enthusiasm), is in truth far more interesting and real than is Loti himself, even showing a little touch of pathos here and there. She is slightly disenchanted at the end, to be sure, where, instead of the sad little farewell scene which the hero might possibly have anticipated, he finds her seated upon the floor among her lately-received silver *yen*, ringing each with a little hammer to prove its genuineness. But at last this cynical gentleman finds himself moving slowly out of the harbor, bidding a permanent farewell to the land of teapots and many-ribbed umbrellas. The only touch of real strength in the book occurs here: "Now the great sea opens before us, immense, colorless, solitary—a solemn repose after so much that was too ingenious and too small."

The End of the Middle Ages: Essays and Questions in History. By A. Mary F. Robinson (Mme. James Darmesteter). 1 vol. 8vo. London : T. Fisher Unwin.

MISS ROBINSON, now Mme. Darmesteter, has acquired some reputation as a poet, and now

turns her attention to the actualities of history. The experiment is somewhat hazardous, for the intense subjectivity and fervid imagination cultivated by the poet are precisely the gifts to be rigorously held in control by the historian. His duty is to distrust his imagination, to repress his sympathies, and to treat his subject as objectively as possible. The minute accuracy essential in modern historical methods compels him to endless drudgery and a rigid adherence to fact. He rejects all *a priori* conclusions, and strives to look upon events and personages with the eye of a judge and not of an advocate or of an artist. His sole object is to discover and proclaim the truth, and even his boldest generalizations must have a solid foundation, built up with infinite care and patience. This incompatibility of the historical and poetical temperaments receives its supreme illustration from Carlyle, who, with all his genius and power of word-painting, made a travesty of every historical study that he undertook—conceiving his personal prejudices to be eternal verities and the phantasms of his imagination to be facts, sketching characters and events with the powerful hand of an artist, and arguing his theses with the impassioned special pleading of an advocate.

On opening Mme. Darmesteter's book, we are at once struck with misgiving at finding from her prefatory dedication that her historical training has been under Mr. J. Addington Symonds, whose florid inaccuracy and habitual subjectivity render him a most dangerous teacher. We are somewhat reassured by her allusions to her paleographical studies under Prof. Paoli and her dull researches in London, Paris, and Florence, and are led to hope that the exhausting labors of the Dryasdust may somewhat check the exuberance of the poet. With such expectation we open the first essay on the interesting but complex subject of the Beguines and Beghards, one of the most obscure and intricate that the Middle Ages afford. No one is competent to its discussion who has not gone through a long and weary examination of the original sources, weighing conflicting evidence, sifting out laboriously the grains of truth from the mass of falsehood, and correcting the errors of contemporaries, which, down to the present generation, have misled almost all students. Of all this there is not a trace in Mme. Darmesteter's essay. Fragmentary scraps of information, gathered at second-hand, are welded together into an undefined and contradictory whole: crude and vague impressions, clothed with the romantic idealism of the writer, take the place of fact; old errors are summoned from their ghostly slumbers, are fitted with new and fashionable garments of the most approved modern cut, and are bidden again to parade the stage; new errors, evolved apparently from the author's internal consciousness, are brought forward with calm assurance. We are told (p. 14) that in 1224 "Blanche of Castile and the child St. Louis were ruling Paris as King Arthur might have ruled his court at Camelot, by the authority of love and gentleness"—an idyllic picture of which the chronology is as false as its conception of that cruel and turbulent period, when Thibault of Champagne was singing love-ditties to Queen Blanche and was shrewdly suspected of poisoning her husband. Of the Beguines it is said (p. 10) that they received their death-blow when Dominic and Francis founded their Tertiary Orders; but the author subsequently (p. 29) postpones their execution until 1311, at the Council of Vienne (not Vienna), from which time "Beguinism as an institution was at an end." In either case, it was a tolerably lively corpse, or, as Charles II. said of himself, it was an uncon-

scionable time a-dying: for in the fifteenth century the Council of Constance vindicated it from the attacks of the Dominican Matthew Grabon, and twenty years later Eugenius IV. so favored it that Felix Hemmerlin accused him of having been a Beguine himself. This misty and elusive method of compiling history is not rendered more acceptable by the sentimentalism of the thought or the fine writing in which it is exhibited. The search for verbal quaintness and artificialities of expression which is so characteristic of the modern school of poetry, is singularly out of place in a work which purports to be a serious study of the past.

Histoire de la participation de la France à l'établissement des Etats-Unis d'Amérique. Par Henri Doniol. Tome III. Paris : Imprimerie Nationale, Alphonse Picard, éditeur.

A FEW weeks ago we noticed the first two volumes of this great work. The third volume is now before us. Like the others, it is largely made up of previously unpublished documents, drawn from the French archives. M. Doniol does his part of the work with great learning and discretion. It is true that we do not always get the whole of every document, and that we are perverse enough to feel that most interesting matter may lie concealed behind those annoying little lines of dots; yet it would be unreasonable to expect a more voluminous work than this, and enough, surely, is given us to make the book not only interesting but indispensable.

This history is published by the French Government in connection with the Universal Exhibition which is to take place in Paris next summer. It is the intention to make the book a specimen of the work of the National Printing Office. We must therefore consider it, not only as a contribution to historical study, but as a piece of book-making; and it is from this point of view that we find most to blame. The first question which an intelligent publisher should consider is the proper size and shape to be given to his book. If the latter is to be read, and not merely consulted, nothing but the necessity of introducing large plates should swell the volume to a size which will prevent its being held comfortably in the hand. But this book is published in quarto volumes, of which the thinnest contains more than 850 pages. No mortal grasp could sustain such a weight. Moreover, the lines are too long for the comfort of the eye, even where the type is as large and as generously spaced as it is here. The size is not justified by the presence of remarkable plates, for the illustrations are neither numerous nor important. Here, however, our unfavorable criticism must cease. The paper and printing are admirable.

The editing, although not quite perfect, is careful; and we imagine that "Walley Forge" may be a quotation from some contemporary manuscript. In the numerous papers of the Comte de Vergennes, the spelling of the original is preserved. It is a rather curious fact that the Count was very weak in orthography—that branch of education as to which Frenchmen of to-day are almost pedantically particular. This is the more striking as Vergennes was not a great lord, who might consider himself above grammar, but a hard-working diplomatist who had risen by his own exertions; yet he spells so badly that it takes a little practice to read him fluently, especially as the editor, in deference to what he considers good typography, has omitted the capital letters with which the Count made up for the

absence of apostrophes. Vergennes was of his time in his neglect of spelling, although he exceeded even the license of his day.

The third volume brings down the history of French intervention in America from the time when the treaties between the United States and France were concluded, to that of the close of an offensive alliance between France and Spain. It was well known that Spain did not during the war become the ally of the United States, a fact which deeply affected the conduct of hostilities and the negotiations for peace. The French Government was thus placed between two allies whose interests were different and not infrequently antagonistic. This may account in some degree for the languor with which military operations were conducted in 1779 and 1780. In 1778 the news of the alliance between France and the United States was received with great enthusiasm on both sides of the Atlantic. M. Doniol describes in this volume the abatement of that enthusiasm in America, in consequence of the course taken by Gérard, the French Minister at Philadelphia, and of the misfortunes of D'Estaing, the French admiral, on our coast. Gérard was, in fact, trying to prepare Congress to give up some of the interests of the United States for the sake of bringing Spain into the quarrel. D'Estaing was doing what he could, in a not very forcible manner. M. Doniol sets the conduct of each of them in the most favorable light, and relies much on the necessity to America of the aid of France.

Hints about Men's Dress: Right Principles Economically Applied. By a New York Clubman. D. Appleton & Co. 1888.

AMERICAN men, as a rule, are said to be less enlightened on the subject of dressing well than the men of a good many other modern nations. This, the author of "Hints about Men's Dress" thinks, is because "their forefathers, immediate and remote, have not been able to give them much information about dress or manner, having always been too busy to think about the minor things of life." This explanation has been made use of to explain almost all the deficiencies of American life, from lack of "culture," and the corruption of municipal government, down to inefficiency of domestic service. The reason why we fall short—if in anything we do fall short—of the highest pitch of civilization is because our forefathers' time was so fully occupied in hewing down the forest, planting new settlements, keeping the savages at bay, etc., that they had no time to spare for the humanities and amenities. Whether defects of this sort can be remedied by manuals—even by manuals as good as the one before us—we very much doubt. The difficulty is, that the art of dressing correctly, like the art of speaking correctly, or of good manners, is part of that breeding which, while it may be more or less closely described in books, is derived in practice from inheritance and the early formation of habits.

At the first blush it may be said that, while this is true of good manners and speech, it is rather straining a point to apply it to such a purely mechanical thing as dress, and that there ought to be no difficulty in learning from a book how to dress; but, after examining the author's treatise with care and impartiality, we are more than ever convinced that there is an impalpable something about a well dressed man which cannot be taught through the medium of print, and, worse than this, that there are here and there mistakes, even in this very manual, which show that the author is

not perfectly fitted for the delicate task he has undertaken. Most of his advice is excellent. When he says that the morning "tub" is not a mere English affectation, and that a man, to be well dressed, must first be well washed; when he insists that perfumes should not be used; when he recommends white underclothing (except in cases of rheumatic tendency, requiring of course material of a different color); when he objects to top-boots for evening dress; when he warns the student against having his boots blacked at the street-corner; when he places paper collars and celluloid collars under the ban, and says of a shirt which opens behind that it is only one remove from the "dickey," than which nothing could be lower; when he says that to be well dressed is to be inconspicuously dressed; when he urges upon us that we should never be afraid to be well dressed, whether others are so or not—in all these and a thousand other matters, we are entirely at one with the author, and in all that he has to say on the subject of economy he is very judicious. Except for one fatal chapter, we should be almost ready to commend his work as a perfectly satisfactory vade-mecum of the learning on the subject; but this one chapter is so fatally pernicious, it is so at variance with the delicacy of perception and familiarity with the best usage which elsewhere marks the book, that we should prefer to believe it the work of another hand, did not its very errors tend to corroborate our theory that there is no such thing as perfect manual writing on these subjects.

In this chapter the author gives a list of clothing which he considers essential to a gentleman, and, melancholy to relate, this is what he has to advise as to shirts: Shirts with collars and cuffs attached, 2; shirts without collars and cuffs, 6; collars, 10; cuffs, 10 pairs. Here is the difference between the most careful theoretical study and the practice of dressing as a matter of early training and breeding. The author evidently does not know the great cardinal principle that the unit of shirts is one dozen—that it is not possible to have less than a dozen shirts. Nor is he aware that the custom of having collarless and cuffless shirts, with more cuffs and collars than shirts, however economical it may be, is a relic of that pioneer period when our forefathers acquired the slovenly and indifferent habits which he is now trying to eradicate. This cuts deep. It is these inadvertences and incompletions, these weak spots in the best teaching, which makes us doubt whether we shall ever be perfectly well dressed. Nevertheless, as a sign of the times, as an indication of the way men's thoughts are turning, and as a help to numerous well-intentioned young men who would like to dress well, but do not know how, the manual deserves notice. But to these last we say, Trust no book implicitly.

Holland. By Professor Thorold Rogers. [Stories of the Nations.] G. P. Putnam's Sons.

If Professor Thorold Rogers, in writing this book, intended merely to give a brief and popular sketch of the most important and striking events in the history of Holland up to the middle of the eighteenth century, he has been successful in his attempt. His style is clear and graphic; he tells his story well; and, while there is absolutely nothing new or original in his book, it is a good résumé of the more elaborate works from which he derives his information. But it is not a history of Holland. If it were not for the illustrations which the book contains, and which represent, in part, views of Holland of the present time, we should hardly

know, after reading these pages, that there is still in existence a people which cherishes all the glorious traditions of Holland of the seventeenth century, which has a national life based on those traditions, and more strongly developed, perhaps, than that of any other nation on the continent of Europe. Its present form of government is the result of natural and steady growth out of the institutions of the republic. There has been no breach of continuity except during a few years when the country was annexed to France, and no reason can be given why the book ends where it does except that there are no English works easily accessible which treat of the period omitted.

The omission is a grave one, particularly since the series to which the book belongs aims according to its prospectus at showing "the philosophical relation" between the different events and periods in a nation's history. Holland in the seventeenth century presents a remarkable instance of the states'-right doctrine pushed to its ultimate limits: there was practically no central government which had power to coerce a minority. It certainly would have been of interest to show in some detail how, after the Restoration, although a central government was established, the provincial and communal peculiarities and forms of government were to a great extent preserved, and how they were abolished by the Constitution of 1848 and the legislation under it. From a heterogeneous mass of discordant elements, Holland has become a homogeneous whole. The fact that its importance as a nation has diminished does not render this transformation less important from the point of view of the political student.

But even from a story-teller's point of view, the present age would have deserved at least a passing mention. The struggle of independence in 1813, the Belgian war in 1830, the Atcheen war, are certainly considered, in Holland at least, as forming part of the national history.

Fossils of the British Islands, Stratigraphically and Zoologically Arranged. Vol. I. Paleozoic. 4to, pp. 468. By Robert Etheridge. Oxford: The Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan. 1888.

THE place of this work is among books of reference. To any one working in its field it is an absolute necessity. It is a compilation that could only be made by one thoroughly conversant with the things as well as with the literature treating of them. From such works as this, in view of the amount already accomplished and of the shortness of life, the student has his greatest assurance of the possibility of traversing what has been covered and of going a little in advance. There is probably no one better fitted for the task taken up in this volume than Mr. Etheridge, and its compilation is an outcome of his researches for more than twenty years. The volume includes the palaeozoic species, from the Cambrian to the close of the Permian, some 6,022 in number, belonging to about 1,588 different genera. They are arranged according to their horizons, chronologically, and also in accordance with zoological classification. To refer the species to the particular horizons was hardly possible; consequently, the more general subdivisions were used. For example, in the Devonian the locations are Lower, Middle, or Upper; and if the fossil existed in the last, and continued in the overlying strata, it is marked "pass up;" or, in the Carboniferous, the indications are placed under one or more of the following: Calciferous Series, Lower Limestone Shales,

Carboniferous Limestone, Upper Limestone Shale, Millstone Grit, or the Lower, the Middle, or the Upper Coal Measures, and "pass up" if need be. With the numerous references and cross-references to the most important descriptions and illustrations, this is sufficiently explicit. The greatest chances for criticism and for differences of opinion occur in the zoological classification and the nomenclature; but much may be expected, in approximation to more generally acceptable systems, from the consequent discussion. The Supplementary Appendix, about eighty pages, is both an addition and a revision; it revises the earlier portion and brings the entire volume up to the year 1887. Though it concerns itself with the fossils of the British Islands, this catalogue is invaluable to the geologist of whatever part of the world. The Delegates of the Oxford University Press, through whose liberality and consideration it has been so well published, are abundantly entitled to the gratitude of all students of paleontology.

In a note at the end of the preface, the author says he has prepared the MSS. of the Mesozoic and Cainozoic species, about 13,000 in number, bringing the complete history of British

fossils up to the year 1888, but at present does not see his way to publish. It is earnestly to be desired that the obstacles preventing may somehow, in the interest of scientific advancement, be speedily removed, and that the results of Mr. Etheridge's labors may become the property of the world with as little delay as possible.

Three Greek Children: A Story of Home in Old Time. By the Rev. Alfred J. Church. With illustrations after Flaxman and the antique. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1889. 8vo, pp. 205.

MR. CHURCH'S stories of ancient life are always welcome, and form a useful aid to education, supplementing the dry details of historical study, which needs some such appeals to the imagination in order that far distant events may be clothed with life and reality. This knowledge is so wide and accurate that we may take for granted the substantial correctness of his portrayals, and may accept them as on the whole true to the spirit of antiquity. That he always succeeds in keeping his pictures of ancient life and character free from modernisms, we will not say; perhaps it is impossible to do

so perfectly, for this would require an absolute substitution for one's mental processes of those of an age which one can know only from the outside. But it is as hard to detect transgressions of this sort as it is to avoid them, and all we can say is, that the present publication seems to us truer to Greek life than 'Two Thousand Years Ago' is to Roman life; and that, at any rate, more good is done by this spirited presentation of ancient life than the harm that may result from casual inaccuracies. Inaccuracies in matters of fact we do not find; if there are any, they consist in those subtle and intangible characteristics of society which are hardest to depict. We have here a great range of experience for the three children in the years of the Peloponnesian War, reminiscences of Marathon and Salamis, life in Sparta, and the bitter memories of an old Messenian woman.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allingham, W. Flower Pieces, and Other Poems. London: Reeves & Turner.
Bartholomew, J. G. The Pocket Gazetteer of the World. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.
Clemmer, Mary. His Two Wives. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 50 cents.
Daudet, E. The Apostate; A Novel. D. Appleton & Co.
Dumas, A. Un Drame de la Mer. Boston: Carl Schenck.

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